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THERESA.



A ROMANCE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

TERESA;

OR,

THE WIZARD'S FATE.

A Romance.

— — — — —
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
— — — — —

BY

A MEMBER OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Χαῖρ Ἐκατα δαεπλήτι καὶ εἰς τέλος ἀμύνῃ σπηδεῖ,
Φαρμακα ταυθ' ἐρδοῖσα χερεῖονα μητί τι Κίρκης,
Μητι τὶ Μιδίας, μητι ξανθας Περίμηδας.

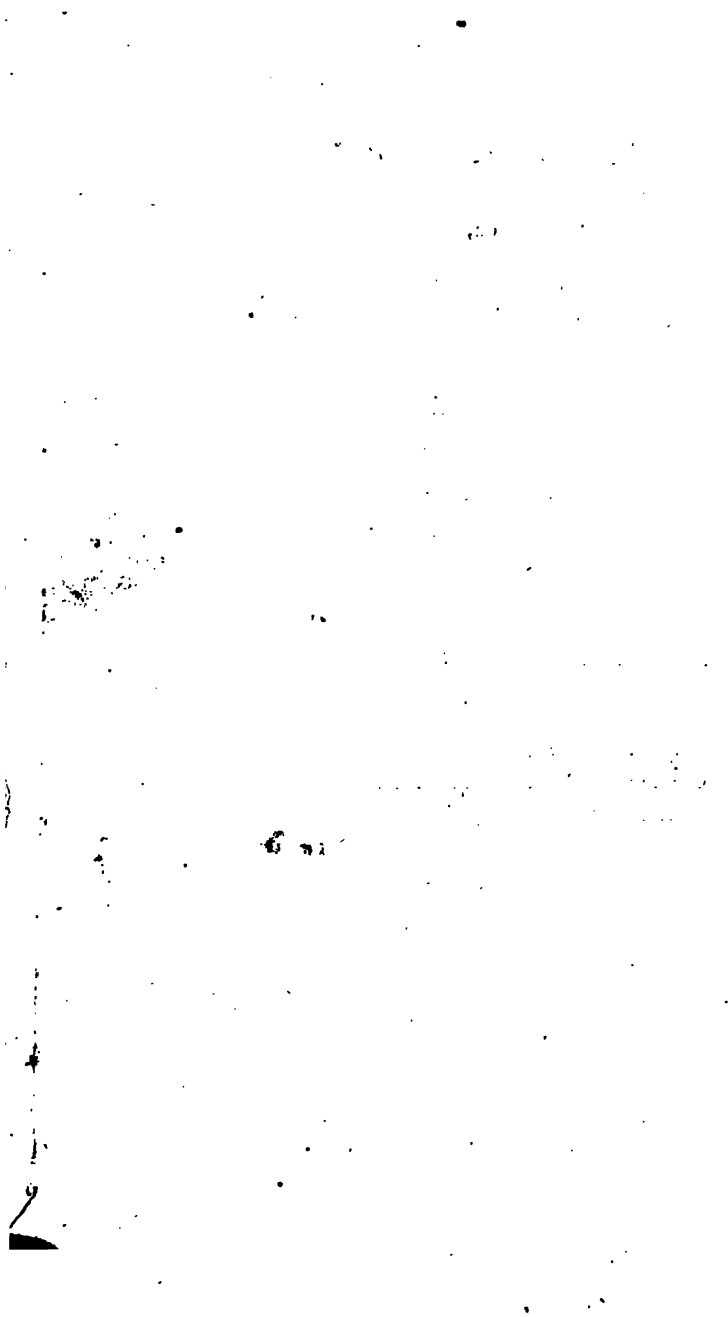
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THERESA.



CHAP. I.

Mine, such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.

MILTON.

THE exile was returning from Rose-
malde, after a day spent in the indulgence
of the grief he loved. The sun was yet
above the horizon. As entering a dark
pass in a wood, through which he was
passing, he thought he heard the clash of
arms. He listened; the sound was fallen
in the breeze. With the ready instinct of
valour, he rushed forward, and before he
had proceeded many paces, perceived a

man with his back against a tree, defending himself against two others on horseback, who were striking at him with determined fury, but appeared as if afraid of pressing the animals they bestrode on the point of his weapon. Edward was unarmed, except with a staff, but he rushed without hesitation to the assistance of the assailed.

The horsemen heard his approach as he pressed through some brushwood there happened to be in his way, and one of them perceiving that he was coming forward in a menacing attitude, faced about, and struck at him with a sabre; the weapon missed him, and was wrested, by the violence with which it had been directed against him, from the hand of its owner. He immediately made himself master of it, and the disarmed ruffian perceiving that he had now the advantage of him, turned suddenly about, and clapping spurs to his horse, fled. His companion finding that if he remained, the odds would be against him, followed, and both bending over their horses' necks, to avoid the outstretch-

ed boughs that overhung the forest-path into which they had plunged, were soon out of sight.

Edward having followed them with his eye till they had disappeared, now turned his attention towards the person he had so providentially been the means of saving from their violence. He was sitting on the grass, and appeared to be exhausted, either with fatigue or wounds. On Edward's inquiring in the German language whether he was hurt, he turned up his eyes; but they had no sooner fixed on the countenance of his deliverer, than he shuddered, and faintly exclaiming in English, "Good Heaven, lord Rivers!" sunk down in a swoon.

Edward, astonished at hearing his native tongue, and from the mouth of one who seemed to know him, ran to a rivulet that he heard gurgling through the bushes at some little distance, filled his cap with water, and returning, sprinkled the face of the stranger, who soon came to himself.

"Who are you?" said Edward, scrutini-

zing his features, and endeavouring to recollect if he had ever seen him before ; but in vain ; “ who art thou, that seemest to know one who never again expected to hear his name from the mouth of a countryman ?—But first, art thou hurt ? ”

“ I am unhurt,” said the man, “ and owe it that I am so, to one whose destruction I was seeking ; but your humanity and courage have saved yourself as well as me : follow me,” added he, slowly rising, and directing his steps towards the brook from which Edward had fetched the water.

Edward obeyed with increased astonishment, and unable to conjecture in what an adventure so extraordinary would terminate.

When the stranger reached the brook, by a path which ran amidst the bushes, he passed it on a row of stones placed for the accommodation of passengers ; but instead of following the path, which continued to run on the opposite side along its margin, he made his way, with some difficulty, amidst stumps of felled trees and tangled

brushwood, till after a laborious ascent for some minutes of a steep acclivity, whose side the coppice clothed, he stood at the entrance of a dark cavern, into which he motioned his companion to follow him.

Edward hesitated; he recollected his having intimated that his life had been in danger; but after a little consideration, the desire to know in what manner it had been endangered, overcame his apprehensions, and he complied, still holding in his hand the sabre with which accident had armed him, and determined, if assailed, to yield himself no easy conquest.

The stranger having advanced a few steps, groped about to the right; and at length having found a mass of rock which he sought, took from it a tinder-box, struck a light, and placed it in a lanthorn which had been deposited in the same place.

Edward was at first unable to perceive any object around him by the feeble light which was thus afforded, but the flame gradually brightening, he found that they were passing through a natural cavern of

immense extent. Huge, dark, multiform rocks impended from the roof, and large fragments scattered on the ground, shewed the peril of remaining any time beneath them.

The light flashed above and around on their dark masses, and glancing from their sides, lost itself in deep gulphs of shade; and a bat or owl now and then flitting athwart it, imparted to the whole scene a likeness to the entrance of the heathen Tartarus, in which the spirits of the unbaptised dead awaited, in restless and anxious flutterings, the due performance of those honours which should consign them to the hands of the rugged and stern boatman of the Stygian flood.

The stranger passed on to a low door sunk in a massy wall, which yielded to his touch; and Edward now found himself in a large flagged and vaulted subterraneous avenue, from which several others branched off on either side, narrower than that in which he stood, but extending to such a length, that as he held up the light, having

taken it for the purpose from his conductor, it was lost in the distance.

They now moved forward in silence along what appeared to be the main avenue, along which, the sound of their footsteps rang in hollow and monotonous echoes.

"It is singular," said Edward, whose attention was attracted by the uncommon aspect of the place, notwithstanding the more forcible interest which might have been supposed to absorb his thoughts, "it is singular, that as often as I have visited this part of the country, on foot and on horseback, in order to explore any curiosities of nature or art it might contain, that the existence of these catacombs never came to my knowledge."

"These avenues," said the stranger, "lead to various subterranean apartments, and the whole belongs to a castle, into which we shall soon make our way, and which is said to have belonged to a knight in former times, who was a necromancer; there are strange stories told of his walking

about with flames coming out of his nostrils; but as I understand only a very little of the lingo of these here parts, I could never get at the rights of the matter. I'd venture to say, that if it was closely examined, the flame would be found to be nothing but smoke."

While he was speaking, he had stopped to throw the light down one of the avenues to the left, and was striking fire from a stone pilaster at its entrance with an air of bravado, as if he wished to manifest his freedom from superstition; Edward had stopped mechanically with him, and now throwing his eye forward, through the faintly-illuminated void, thought he could discern a light strike across a broad arched gate, by which the avenue was terminated.

In the first impulse of his surprise, he directed the attention of his companion to the object which had excited it. The stranger raised the lanthorn to examine it, but it slipped, or appeared to slip, from his hand, and fell upon the pavement with a loud crash, that reverberated through the

arched passages in multiplied echoes, and died away like thunder amidst the mountain-tops. The light was now distinctly visible for a second or two, then wholly disappeared.

Edward was confident he was betrayed, and expecting to see the light every moment reappear, and a band of assassins burst through the gate, he seized his companion by the arm, determined, at all events, to immolate him before he fell himself. He found that he trembled violently, and pausing to consider of the circumstances which had just occurred, he began to doubt whether the fall of the lanthorn had not been occasioned by fright, not treachery.

The man appeared to think that the rude pressure which his arm sustained was the result of an affection similar to that beneath which he himself laboured; and after some awkward efforts to reanimate courage, which he supposed to be drooping, proposed that they should return to the mouth of the cavern, and strike a light.

observing, that the passages that remained for them to pass were so intricate, that it would be impossible to dispense with one.

Edward acquiesced; the light was struck; they again commenced their progress, and repassing the cavern and the avenue in silence and with hurried steps they reached the arched door through which the light had appeared. It led into a kind of rotunda, in the circular wall of which, there were several doors, at unequal distances from each other.

"It must have been from one of these doors," said Edward, "that the light proceeded by which you were so much alarmed."

"Your lordship was a little alarmed too," said the stranger, drawing up his head, and throwing the light of the lanthorn around; "but—Lord have mercy on me! what's that?"

A sigh was distinctly heard in one of the passages.

Edward looked towards the door from whence it had proceeded—"I will ascer-

HERESA:

tain," said he, "whether that sound is of this or another world; give me the light."

He turned to take it; but the stranger, who looked wild with terror, was rushing towards a door on the opposite side, and Edward, being left in darkness, he was unable to follow. He asked him, as they passed rapidly along, whether he had heard the sound?

"Yes, certainly," replied he; "the country people are right enough; but your lordship had better think no more about it at present, but mark the way we are passing. These vaults are full of turnings and windings, and you will have to re-pass them without a guide."

They had by this time entered a narrow passage, at the extremity of which a feeble ray of light glimmered; the stranger darted forward with accelerated pace, and Edward following, they reached a steep spiral staircase, by which they ascended into a quadrangular court, formed by the ruins of a building, bearing in solidity, extent, and grandeur, a due proportion to the vast

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subterranean apartments through which they had passed. The soft evening breeze afforded a delightful contrast to the chill damp air from which they had emerged; and the sweet solemnity of the hour and the scene insensibly, he knew not before, expelled from the mind of the all remaining suspicion of his guide.

While the latter was employed in collecting from amidst the matted grass and weeds which almost concealed the pavement, for what purpose he did not think of asking, some withered spray, scudded by the winds from a lofty elm, from without, stretched its branches athwart the battlements, he stood for some moments wrapt in silent admiration of the venerable structure, into whose precincts he had penetrated in a manner so extraordinary, as to make him almost doubt whether all that occurred for the last half hour was not the effect of a sickly somnolency.

The rapidly declining sun had left the quadrangle in shade, save that a gleam penetrated here and there through cor-

responding apertures in the western side, and broken by the shattered remains of stone casements, and the breeze-moved foliage of the ivy that entwined them, cast its chequered and agitated effulgence on the opposite wall, imparting to its grey mouldering mass a rich and mellow tint.

A number of rooks, scared by the unexpected visitants, had arisen from the battlements on their appearance, and after having for a short time wheeled clamouring in airy circles over-head, were now settling, with balancing wings, and less loud and frequent croak, in the tops of the high trees that rose above the building. A tower that rose at one of the angles was still all wrapt in yellow light, and a squirrel, springing to it from a neighbouring tree, rested on a projecting stone, and basking in the departing warmth, stretched forward its little head, as if to inquire the business of the intruders.

Edward was roused from his reverie by a call from the stranger, whom he now fol-

lowed up a broad stone staircase, on the several landing-places of which high pointed windows opened upon a landscape rich with blue streams, and tufted knolls and grassy slopes, and moss-roofed cottages. After turning thrice, they reached a lobby that opened into a suit of apartments, still retaining vestiges of the rich and magnificent ornaments that had once decorated them. As they passed through them, an owl, scared by their approach, flew from a remnant of tattered hangings; and the fragment of a massy girandole, loosened from the rust-worn brace that had fastened it to the ceiling, as the decaying fabric shook beneath their tread, fell with a loud crash at their feet.

Apprehensive that portions of the ceiling itself, which had indeed fallen in various places, might yield to the same impulse, they now trode with light and hurried steps, and having passed three chambers, proceeded by a corridor that ran along another side of the building, to a low door that entered the tower they had seen

when below, rising above the rest of the fabric.

To the top of this they ascended by a winding staircase; the stranger raised a trap-door that opened to the roof, which was flat paved with large cut stones, and surrounded by a low indented parapet. Having got out on this, and assisted Edward to do the same, he pointed, as he paused to take breath, to a large pile of wood in the centre.

"This," said he, as he threw down his bundle of sticks, and disposed them in order in a vacant space which had been left beneath it, would have been a beacon to guide to your destruction, had not I been assailed by the persons from whom you rescued me; you must doubtless be impatient to learn the particulars which I am now about to disclose."

"That you may easily conjecture," said Edward, whose curiosity was now wound up to the highest pitch, "without the aid of the fire-breathing necromancer, who terrified us below."

"Thank Heaven!" replied the man, "I shall have nothing more to do with that worthy person; it will be your look-out, by-and-by, to appease him, or send him to the Red Sea, as you may find it most convenient: but to the point; do you observe the deep stream at the foot of the hill, on the side of which this old receptacle of devils is situated, and the road that runs along it?"

"The road," said Edward, "crosses the stream a considerable distance higher up, on a rudely-constructed bridge, after it has passed through a chasm of the ridge on which we are placed, and leads to the city; I have often passed it."

"True; but you frequently return from Rosemalde by another road, more to the left?"

Edward stared—"Certainly."

"And if you return before dark, you take a footway through the fields, that is still more to the left?"

"Yes."

"Do you perceive a knoll scattered over

with bushes, that rises close to where that footway comes out upon the main road?"

"Yes; the herbage is close cropped by sheep, and affords clean, pleasant, and shady seats. I have often rested there of a warm evening, listening to the clear and mellow note of the thristle; it soothed a sorrow that was consuming me."

"Ah, my lord! that, and every other sorrow, would soon have been laid at rest, but for the adventure of this evening. Do you observe any thing shining amidst the bushes on the knoll? if we had been here before the sun went down, you would have discovered the object to which I point more easily."

"Since you directed my attention to the knoll," said Edward, "I have kept my eye fixed on it; and I see, notwithstanding the waning light, the gleam, as if of arms, in three distinct places, and a horse, that seems to be invested with a part of his furniture, grazes more towards the summit."

"There are three persons stationed there," continued the stranger; "I am

the fourth of a party, who, with the consent of the government here, were to have seized you this evening, and conveyed you forthwith to England, where you would have little mercy to expect from his majesty, who, as well as the cardinal, is extremely exasperated against you. We were uncertain as to which road you might take homewards; and we arranged, that my comrades should occupy the knoll, which would cut off your passage by two, at least. I was to be stationed where you found me, and when you passed, was to make my way hither by the avenue with which you are now acquainted; and if you should choose the road below, fire this pile, the smoke or flame of which, according as it was light, or dark, would serve as a signal to my comrades, who, being on horseback, would soon come up with you. You have saved my life, and I abandon my duty to save yours; all I regret is, that I must leave you to find your way alone through the devil's den below; but it would create suspicion if I were not to

join my associates as they pass ; and if you were to venture with me in the boat that you may perceive moored on this side the stream, in the deep sedge of that creek, we might be passing just as they would come forward ; or if we even anticipated them, they could observe, from a considerable distance, whether the boat contained one or two passengers. You might, to be sure, descend and conceal yourself in the bushes on this side, and wait till some one passed who would bring you the boat ; but you might wait long enough, for the country people would as soon pass through purgatory at once, as so near this place after dark. To the rear, you can't make your way, for a high impassable wall runs down into the stream from either wing of the building, and some vassals of the owner of it who farm the adjacent lands, having one of the rooms, which still resists the wet, filled with wool, have blocked up all the back avenues above ground, in order to secure it."

"Do not," said Edward, who had till now stood half listening, half wrapt in thought, "do not make yourself uneasy upon my account; I think little of the perils I have to encounter below, when I reflect on the real peril from which I have so providentially escaped: but who were the persons from whom I delivered you?"

"Robbers; they required my money. I threw them all I had; but they insisted I had more, and I did not choose to put myself into their hands to try, lest disappointment might induce them to cut my throat."

"The light we saw below was in all probability held by some person coming after the wool, either with a legitimate or an improper view."

"That it was not, I'll be sworn; the owners wouldn't come to the castle at all but in the bright noonday; and as for thieves, if king Harry's treasures were deposited in the vaults, the necromancer would be a very secure guard for them. For

my own part, I laughed at the thoughts of him ; but since the light and the sigh, I know not what to think."

He now set fire to the pile, which soon shot up a red column into the now star-sown firmament ; then wishing his companion a safe deliverance from the necromancer, he hurried down ; and making his way through the great entrance of the castle, crossed a narrow lawn that ran before it, ran down the precipitous bank, ferried himself across the stream, and was untying his horse from a tree on the opposite side of the road, when his comrades came up at full gallop.

Edward stooped behind the parapet, and reconnoitred the party. The horse of one of them, as they came up in a line with the tower, fell, and the rider rolled over him. While the others were employed in examining whether he was hurt, and helping him to remount, Edward had time for deliberate observation. The wind, too, now rose, and brightening the flame of the pile, it threw a strong ruddy light upon the spot,

where they stood, which was increased by the reflection of the stream, and that of the glazed foliage of a close row of laurels, that ran on the opposite side of the road; he could discern, with great accuracy, the persons and features of his enemies; and what was his astonishment, on recognizing in two of them his late domestic James, and Conrad, the preserver of Luise! He could scarcely believe his senses; he rubbed his eyes, asked himself repeatedly if he were mad, or dreaming? but the more he looked, the more he was convinced of the identity of the two men.

The fallen man having been put to rights, the party proceeded, leaving him food for meditation, even to madness.

James had been the instrument of his preservation; he himself was the preserver of Conrad; and, in consequence of his preservation of Luise, a reciprocation of mighty benefits had, as he believed, bound them to each other in indissoluble bonds of amity; for spite of the inequality of birth, of rank, even of education, the

heart permitted not the exclusion of that term. How often was he to believe that no addition could be made to his wretchedness, and find himself deceived?

An inward impulse he could scarcely overcome, prompted him to precipitate himself from the tower, and at once terminate his life and his sorrows. He thought again; the privy of James to his escape might have been discovered, and his treachery might have been made the price of his own safety. This was a motive somewhat more excusable than gold. Conrad, too, might be acting under the compulsion of his government; and both might have accepted the office in which they were employed, rather to save than to destroy.

This mode of reasoning, whether probable or otherwise, infused a ray of comfort into his mind; and summoning the small remains of energy that still subsisted in it, he prepared to depart.

The fire had now sunk into a few glowing embers; at these he relumined the taper of his lanthorn, which the stranger had ex-

tinguished on their ascent into the court ; and having descended through the trap-door, and reached the bottom of the winding staircase, he was proceeding, in deep abstraction, and scarcely knowing where he was, along the corridor, when he thought he heard a rustling noise before him, as that of loose garments swept against a wall. The circumstance brought him a little to himself, and he perceived, on looking round, that the gallery in which he stood was not that through which he had before passed ; it was considerably less in decay ; much of the wainscot remained, and the stars (for it was now quite night) glimmered faintly through a line of painted windows, several of which were entire.

He was about to retrace his steps, concluding that the noise he had heard had been made by some bird which had roosted in the place, and was disturbed by the light of his lanthorn ; but he had scarcely taken two steps, when his ear received the sound of a low footfall, as of one who was endeavouring to elude observation. It pro-

ceeded from the same quarter in which he had heard the rustling. Wonder again became the predominant feeling in his mind; were his steps watched by another band of ingrates and mercenaries, or was he indeed walking amidst disembodied spirits?

The last notion was awful indeed; but it had not in it that terror which is usually its concomitant in the minds of those on whom the sunshine of life is wont to rest, and who revel in its warm gales; there was in it even something congenial to his present feelings; would the habitant of another world give him tidings of his Luise—would he inform him that he was soon to lay down the burthen of an existence rather suffered than enjoyed, and rest by her side—why, in either event, his visit were acceptable.

There was a heart-fortifying exultation in the thought, and he stepped forward with alacrity to the spot from whence the sound had proceeded. It was renewed; the steps fell light and quick; and as he ad-

vanced, he thought he could discern, at the extremity of the corridor, which his lanthorn as yet reached but with a feeble light, a shadowy figure, which soon glided through a door, and vanished.

To this door he darted forward, and having opened and passed it, he still thought he could discern the sounds of steps. He again advanced rapidly; but before he could overtake the figure, of which he again caught a glimpse, a door was opened to the left, and it again disappeared.

When he reached the door, it was shut, and apparently fastened on the inside. He laid down his lanthorn, and applied his strength to the pannel; a slight bolt, worn with rust, which was all the fastening, soon gave way, and as the door opened, a light flashed suddenly upon the ceiling, and immediately disappeared.

He entered a large chamber, which was still less out of repair than the corridor, and looked around anxiously for the person he had pursued. There was no ves-

tinge of an animated being to be seen, and all was silent as the grave. He threw open a large window, in order to ascertain whether the person he had followed might not have made his way out of it, and have extinguished his light after he had reached the ground, from whence it might have flashed through the glass upon the ceiling of the apartment; but this notion the height of the window quickly obliged him to abandon.

He looked out; the sounds of labour and of merriment had already ceased upon the earth; a wide and deep stillness brooded on it. The awful suspense in which he stood, as he again surveyed the apartment, had approached the borders of fear—"Oh, it is a fearful gulph that separates us from another world; and numerous, and of perpetual agency, the attractions which bind us to this; disclaimed, contemned, they operate through all their thousand subtle links, in spite of us."

Edward again looked out, and felt he

knew not wherefore, that earthly sounds would be grateful to his ear. The leaves rustled gently in the breeze; the monotonous note of the snipe, that nested on the sedgy margin of the river, seemed, as it ascended, not unmusical; and an old horse, that was apparently turned loose from labour at the close of day, and consequently had to eat before he rested, advanced beneath the window, cropping the luxuriant herbage. Edward felt something like gratitude to the poor animal for his society, and wished him rich pastures, and mitigated toil; but the next moment was ashamed of his growing weakness, and closing the casement, turned to search the apartment.

He shook the tattered arras, examined every pannel of the wainscoting, and pressed with his foot every board of the floor. He was aware that in old buildings, such as that he was now in, erected in times when every baron's castle was a fortress, abounded with places of concealment artfully constructed; and his reason

still struggling, involuntarily or otherwise, as the habit of his mind varied, against the supposition that the phenomenon he had witnessed was preternatural, he concluded that the object of his pursuit had entered some such place, and thus escaped him. But admitting the probability of this, still he ~~was~~ utterly at a loss to account for what the occupation of any person could be in such a place, and at such a time. He had abandoned the notion that it could be any person watching for him, for certainly two bands of emissaries were not likely to be dispatched after him without having instructions to act in concert, and the stranger would have been as much bound, by gratitude, to preserve him from these, as from those.

“After all,” said he, aloud, perhaps with some hope that his soliloquy might convince the fugitives of the harmlessness of their pursuer, and lead to the gratification of his curiosity, “after all, what right have I to intrude upon this person’s privacy, who appears to shun the eye of man? Alas! perhaps it is some wretched outlaw,

like myself, who shrouds himself amidst the habitations of departed generations, in darkness and solitude, from the cruelty of his fellows."

He heaved a deep sigh as he concluded, and immediately another sigh was heaved, which appeared almost to breathe into his ear, although he was standing in the middle of the room. He started, looked around; there was nothing to be seen but the decaying arras and wainscot.

He now quitted the apartment, and it was not with a mind perfectly free from the impressions of fear that he descended the well-staircase in the court, and commenced his progress through the vaults. He passed on without meeting any impediment till he reached the rotunda, in which he had perceived the light. He stood for a moment, and bethought himself of gratifying his curiosity, by examining the entrance of the passage from which the sigh had proceeded.

He entered it, but nothing was to be seen; and he was turning to leave it, when

he perceived something white on the ground. He stooped, and picked it up ; it was a letter ; and on examining it, he found it was one which he had addressed to Luise, when endeavouring to seduce her. It was fraught with eloquent and artful blandishments, and all spotted with tears. Without thinking at first what could have brought it there, he dashed it with horror on the ground ; but that consideration coming immediately after into his mind, he again lifted it, and mechanically folding it, observed that there were several drops of blood on the outside, beneath which was written, in the hand of the unfortunate girl to whom it had been addressed—
“ Oh, Edward, Edward ! I have dearly purchased thee ; my heart's blood has flowed at thy bidding. Alas, Edward ! why didst thou despoil me of my innocence, and leave me thus the prey of hunger ? The triumph was not worth the sin ; it will be but of short duration : soon shalt thou too fill the cold and silent grave that already grasps Luise.”

Edward read this affecting address again and again ; it was certainly the handwriting of the unfortunate. A chill sweat bedewed his forehead, his limbs shook under him ; he had received a warning from the grave. He remembered, that at the desire of the dying innocent, he had deposited, with his own hands, in her coffin, the packages of his correspondence with her, and he was well aware that this very letter, the date of which was inscribed on the back beneath the superscription, was on the outside of one of them.

He would have accepted a gracious intimation of his approaching fate with a resigned and thankful heart ; this address was not in the style of peace and forgiveness, and he trembled with horror and consternation to think that his perfidy was to be shortly rewarded with punishment, perhaps eternal—perhaps partaken by the poor being, of whom he had made a truant from virtue, and who now, perhaps, had taken this method of letting him know that she hovered mourning around him, averse to display suf-

ferings too terrible for mortal to contemplate and live. He had now no doubt that it was her shadowy form that had dilated before him—her sad sigh that had breathed upon him—her tortured members that had emitted light, which, either the fact was so, or his now disturbed imagination persuaded him, had something in its gleam appalling and unearthly.

He groaned deeply, fell on his face, and invoked the mercy of Heaven; then rising, rushed forward like a pursued maniac, anxious to escape from a place of horror, where his soul had, as he firmly believed, received its final doom.

He passed rapidly through the gate, and, as he thought, along the avenue by which he had entered; but when he thought he ought to have reached the door, he still found space beyond, through which he could discern no boundary. He paused; and holding up his light, clearly perceived that he must have taken the wrong gate from the circular apartment. There were

no strait avenues branched off from that in which he stood, but several winding ones, and that itself by no means ran in a strait direction—a circumstance which, till then, his perturbation of mind had not permitted him to observe.

He now endeavoured to retrace his steps, but found, after he had walked a few yards, that the avenue divided into three others, and he was unable to ascertain by which he had entered. He took one at a venture, and hoping he had guessed right, again hurried on with so much precipitance, that not perceiving a deep chasm that crossed his path, he fell into it, to the depth of several feet, and the lanthorn breaking in the fall, his light was extinguished.

He lay stunned for some minutes ; when he recovered, he found himself but slightly bruised ; but the thought of wandering, perhaps for the whole night, through those dismal vaults, filled him with dismay ; for since he had found the letter, the horror of converse with immaterial beings, so natu-

ral to the human mind, had occupied his with a stronger grasp than it had ever held of it before.

His first effort was to get out of the chasm into which he had fallen ; but this he found impossible, from its great depth, and the smooth-cut stones with which its sides were faced affording no grasp for his feet or hands. He now followed the direction in which the trench ran, feeling against the side as he passed along. After several windings, he at length struck his head against a low arch, passing under which, and now missing the wall that had hitherto guided him, and finding a fierce current of air, he perceived that the trench had terminated in an apartment, the passage from which to any other part of the vaults he was utterly at a loss how he should discover. He advanced a few steps, feeling his way with the sabre, which he still held, but drew back in affright, as he distinctly heard the dropping of water at an immense distance beneath him.

He was now wholly at a loss how to pro-

ceed, and at length sat down, with the half-formed resolution of remaining stationary till morning, when perhaps some faint rays of light penetrating through apertures made by time in the arched roofs of the horrible catacombs, might enable him to extricate himself from their womb. He soon, however, grew restless; he might as well be in one part, he thought, of the vaults as another, and chance might lead him to the entrance.

He rose again, and feeling by the wall, groped his way, till he was stopped by something that sounded hollow to his touch. It was wood, and on further examination, he found it was the wood of a coffin. He now reeled back a few paces in disgust and horror; but recovering himself a little again, advanced, and on examining farther, found that there were several of these receptacles of the mortal part of man piled one above the other. He now conjectured that he was in the vault which had been appropriated to receive the remains of whatever noble family had inhabited the

castle; and he was taking counsel with himself as to the best way of removing from so unpleasant a sojourn, when a deep groan issued, as he thought, from the top of the pile against which he stood.

The blood curdled in his veins, an icy coldness took possession of his limbs, and but for the handle of one of the coffins which he held, he would have dropped, through a sudden weakness that overcame him, to the ground.

He listened in awful expectation of hearing the groan repeated. For a few moments all was still; but the silence was succeeded by a low moaning. Summoning now all the strength that remained in his limbs to his aid, and still feeling the wall, by which he had advanced, he rushed on till he reached the arch by which he had entered, and passing it, had no sooner got into the trench, than he fell devoid of sense or motion.

After the lapse of a few minutes, he recovered his senses, but felt so weak, that he at first thought himself dying; but his

trength reviving by degrees, the first use he made of it was to endeavour to remove as far as possible from the horrible dungeon, where perturbed spirits sat, in melancholy vigils, over their decaying bones.

Groping for the side of the trench, he found that it turned to the left, and straining his eye forward, he thought he could discern, at some distance, a gleam of weak light, like that of the reflected moonbeam. An emotion bearing some resemblance to joy filled his mind; he advanced with rapid steps, hoping that chance had led him to the mouth of the cavern.

As he proceeded, however, he found his hope frustrated; but it was still some relief from the horrors of his situation to find himself in a wide compartment of the vaults, a large fragment of the roof of which having fallen in, afforded a passage to what was indeed the reflected light of the moon, which now poured a narrow, but vivid and strongly-marked line of radiance along the upper part of a portion of the castle that was visible through the chasm.

All below was still in shade, rendered so deep by the height of the building, as to still prevent any object in the vault from being discernible. The chasm was at too great a distance from the ground to admit of egress without a ladder; but Edward hoped, that when the moon ascended to a sufficient height to throw her rays directly into the place, they would either direct him to some other aperture, or enable him to find means of reaching that beneath which he stood. He even now thought, with reviving courage, of having recourse to the trestles upon which the coffins rested, in the room from which he had fled in such horror. At all events, he had now light and air, and were he even obliged to wait till the rustics should come the ensuing day to look after their wool, still he had reason to think himself fortunate.

He had just began to reconnoitre the place in which he was, feeling with his sword along one of the walls, which was at a considerable distance from the chasm,

when suddenly a sweet, soft, female voice caught his ear, as if descending through it. He could not distinguish any articulate sound, but he was positive it was the voice of a woman. He stood some moments in anxious suspense, his bosom occupied by mingled hope and terror; but the latter feeling was again wound up to a paroxysm, as his ear distinctly caught the accents of Luise, in a sweet, tender, and plaintive German air, with which he well recollected she had often sung him to sleep, after a day spent in the toils and pleasures of the chase, or the fatigues of business.

His agitation was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could keep himself upright by the assistance of his sabre, upon the hilt of which he rested, while the immortal creation, for such he was convinced it was, filled the still air with that divine melody; and when the closing cadence rang amidst the echoes of the ruins, repeated fainter and fainter, with sweet gradation, till silence was again re-

stored, it was only by an extraordinary exertion of energy that he preserved himself from again fainting.

Summoping all his fortitude, he resolved to try whether in form, as well as voice, immortal essences might not be revealed to human sense, and tottered, as well as his terror-shaken frame would permit him, towards the chasm. He looked up through it; a female form, clothed in white, stood upon the roof of the building, half concealed by the parapet.

He fell on his knees—"Commissioned, as thou doubtless art," said he, in tremulous accents, "oh, much injured being, to hover round thy base assassin, and wrest his soul from that earth which he has polluted with cruelty and injustice, let not his penitence with thee at least be fruitless. It is not thine to change the divine behest; but by the renewed love that bound us to each other ere thy dying hour—by the holy kiss in which thy last breath was drawn—by the dear babe that pleaded for me, even when repentance had not reached

me; add not thy wrath to the wrath of the Eternal One, that so his vengeance may grasp me with a pressure in some degree less terrible! Oh, had thy summons contained words of peace and reconciliation—had I room to hope that the voice of my penitence had reached the throne of Mercy, how gladly would it have been received! how gladly would my emancipated spirit have spurned the dark clod that envelops it, and soared with thy pure essence into that boundless ether, ranging the glowing orbs that now fill it with their lustre, inviting even the grovelling sons of earth to fling their fancy through them!”

When he first addressed the spirit, timid and humbled, he had cast his eyes upon the ground; but his soul became filled with enthusiasm as he proceeded, and before he had finished, he had raised his countenance, and surveyed the object at once of his fear and adoration. Though he could not discern its features very accurately, he thought, as the moonbeam played on them, that they were fraught with reno-

vated beauty; the cheek was not hollow, nor the eye sunk, and in the form there was a majesty, in its every movement an elasticity and grace, that he thought, whether truly, or in the delusion of a heated fancy, would any where have marked it for the substance of an aerial being.

It now thrice waved its hand, and looking down upon the suppliant, sent the very accents of Luise into his ear—into his heart, that thrilled with a tumultuous and undefined sensation—"Thou hast been purified," it said, "by suffering; it is not given me to penetrate the decrees of the Eternal, but much I hope that long years of happiness await thee: oh, let no maiden again weep, because thou hast loved her!"

The voice ceased, the figure sunk behind the battlements; a sound, as of distant thunder, shook the fabric, and the glare of red lightning swept through the firmament.

A holy and peaceful joy filled the bosom of the exile, he poured forth his soul in thanksgivings, and then stretched himself

on the ground, to await with patience the return of day.

While he mused on the extraordinary occurrences of the night, he thought he saw a light flash down the trench into which he had fallen, and strike upon the top of the arch through which he had entered the chambers of the dead. He looked again, and was satisfied he was not deceived; he started up, determined to ascertain, if possible, whence the gleam had proceeded, reckless now whether it was of material or immaterial fire.

He advanced to the arch, and then looking along the trench, perceived a figure wrapt in a dark garment, and bearing a torch, standing on the brink of it, as well as he could guess, about the spot where he had fallen. The figure now slowly withdrew, but not till he had perceived, that if he had turned to the left, when he fell, instead of the right, he would have been able to get out by a flight of steps, in which it terminated at that side almost immediately.

He now darted forward, and reached the

steps just as the light was withdrawn from the avenue by which he had approached the trench. A transverse gleam of it, however, beyond, enabled him to make his way up that avenue time enough to perceive that the figure having turned to the right, had, after moving a short distance, entered a narrow passage again to the left.

When he reached this, he found it was of considerable length; the object of his pursuit was still in it, but gliding onward with great rapidity. He followed with equal speed; but the figure again turning round an angle, was lost to his view. This angle he soon gained, and found himself in the broad strait avenue by which he had entered the building; the person, whoever it might be, that he had followed, while he stood in pleased surprise at this discovery, entered the rotunda, and the light instantly disappearing, left him in utter darkness.

He now abandoned the pursuit, and turning to the right, felt along the wall till he came to that in which was the door that opened in the cavern. This he found

without any difficulty; the moon poured a rich stream of radiance through the aperture, broken only by the lichens that depended in festoons from above it. His heart filled with joy as he rushed to the breezes of heaven.

CHAP. II.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy. SHAKESPEARE.

.....

—————My sole remaining hope
 Is death, kind death, that amiable sleep,
 Which wakes no more—at least to mortal care.

THOMSON.

THE exile was aware that the gates of the town were closed ere now, and having reached the road from which he had followed the stranger, he considered that the best plan he could adopt would be, if he could obtain admission into some cottage, to take a few hours repose, of which his spirits, exhausted by the extreme agitation his mind had undergone, stood so much in need. He would be as likely to elude observation at an early hour in the morning, as at any other time, while making his way

to the residence of the père Etienne, whom he determined to see and consult with, previous to his taking any steps to ensure escape from his enemies.

He recollected a cottage by which the footway ran, that, as the reader will recollect, had been pointed out by the stranger, and in which he had not unfrequently obtained refreshment, on his way to and from Rosemalde. Towards this he now turned his steps, and as he approached it, he was pleased to observe signs of the inhabitants being still up; there was a light visible beneath the door, and the sound of voices within.

After a short parley, he gained admittance, and having obtained some homely refreshment, and signified his desire to have a lodging for the night, such a bed as the dwelling could afford was prepared for him, on which he slept soundly till the grey dawn was perceptible through the casement of the room in which he lay, and his rustic hosts were heard busily employed lighting their fire, collecting from the

appearance of the morning, the hope of a day favourable to their labours, and preparing their early meal.

He started up, and having paid for the needful accommodation he had received, hastened towards the city, which he reached just as the gilt vanes of its spires had caught the rays of the sun, that now walked in dazzling splendor o'er the blue eastern heights.

He dared not approach his own lodgings, but having passed through several bye streets and alleys, reached the square in which the pere Etienne resided. Perceiving that the shutters of the apartment in which he usually sat were still closed, he strolled about the square, in anxious expectation of their being opened, as he would then conclude that the father had risen.

While he was pacing slowly up and down, and ruminating on the adventures of the preceding night, his ear was struck with the sound of a horn, which at that early hour, having no note of rival harsh-

ness to drown it, seemed to fill the whole city with its dissonance, as it echoed through the empty streets.

His curiosity was slightly excited, and passing through an alley which separated the square from the street whence the sound appeared to have issued, he perceived that the inharmonious musician was an English courier, whom he immediately knew for such by his dress and equipments.

He hoped that the leathern pouch that depended from his side might contain letters for him, for since his arrival he had written to a friend in London, and to Isabel, acquainting them with his views, and desiring them to let him hear from them.

When he returned to the square, the windows of the father's apartments were open ; he knocked, and was admitted.

He found him just sitting down to breakfast, of which having received an hospitable invitation to partake, he sat down ; but before he would proceed to gratify his appetite, unfolded, with all the eagerness that the important and wondrous nature of

the subject demanded, the occurrences of the preceding evening.

The father gazed at him, as he proceeded, with a look of great concern, interrupting him frequently to ask if he were well, to examine his eyes, to feel his pulse, and put to him such questions as are usually put by medical men to their patients.

He bore this for some time patiently, but at length having concluded his narration —“ Father,” said he, “ I perceive distinctly what is in your thoughts ; but you may rest assured I labour under no disease but what is seated in the mind.”

“ That may be,” replied the father, with a significant shake of the head, and perceiving that he actually did not want for bodily health ; “ but if you will be advised by me, you will, for the present, give up your visits to Rosemalde. The indulgence of grief relaxes the whole system, and unfits us for the duties of life ; to a certain extent it may be virtuous, and doubtless no heart can find enjoyment in it that is not

by nature prone to virtue; but there are bounds which, if it pass, may convert the sufferer into a suicide."

Edward listened with impatience—"You have found my corporeal health perfect," said he, "and therefore must admit, that through the want of that at least my mind is not affected. I cannot help saying, that your incredulity is extremely misplaced, and deprives me of your counsel and assistance at a period when my life is threatened."

The father was silent, and after a few moments' consideration, appeared to have separated what was natural from what was preternatural in the tale he had heard, for he now asked his visitant seriously what course he meant to pursue?

"Father," he replied, "if my life, speaking abstractedly, were all that my enemies sought, they were welcome to it; but I would not give them the satisfaction of seeing me expire upon a scaffold, and that because I have served my country faithfully. Do I say they were welcome to my

life? oh, they were no longer my enemies if they would take it. Father, the immaterial world has been revealed to me, and the vanities of that on which I tread fill me with disgust and loathing. Methinks that smile of incredulity does not sit well upon the countenance of one whose calling, far from being holy, would have its roots in rank and gross imposture, if the Eternal One had not condescended to reveal his might to sinning man in miracles: who shall put a check to Almighty goodness? who shall say that even I may not have been selected for special marks of his favour? Father, I have heard thyself declare from the pulpit, that there is more joy in heaven over one penitent sinner, than a thousand righteous. I have served my country, and she casts me from her bosom; I have served my sovereign, and he seeks my life; I have murdered an innocent girl, and she descends from the mansions of the blest to heal my broken spirit: father, I would be at rest with Luise, but I would not incur the guilt of suicide; my

object is briefly this, to seek an honourable death amidst embattled squadrons; alas! I once sought the field of fight with other hopes, with other views; but still, methinks, 'twill joy me to breathe my last sigh amidst the clash of arms, the neigh of steeds, and the valour-stirring breath of martial minstrelsy."

"The moral effects of your visions are singular enough," said the father, drily; "they have inspired you with a thirst for heaven, and you conceive that the best way of getting there is to embrue your hands in the blood of your fellow-creatures."

"By no means; I have said distinctly, that my object is an honourable death."

"What, you mean to be slain, not to slay! in what respect, I pray, may this differ from suicide?"

"The tyrants of the earth must have their victims; the sabre that reaches my heart will miss that of some better man, one who, perhaps, has some living Luise to gladden with his caresses." He heaved a deep sigh.

" You are mad, I believe, but your madness, I confess, don't want for something that can ape the operations of reason. Would you leave your child friendless?" :

Edward started, turned pale, then red, then pale again; a severe conflict seemed to agitate his mind for some moments; but the dark purpose of his soul rose from it with augmented strength—" My child," said he, with a smile of confidence, " cannot be friendless while the pere Etienne lives; and were even he no longer an inhabitant of the earth, there is in England an angel in mortal vesture, (alas! 'tis pity that vesture is not more suited to the spirit that wears it) to whose care I could safely confide him: the love she bears his undeserving sire would cast around him a fence impervious to the world's cruelty."

The father, whose opinion of his friend's insanity seemed now tolerably settled, coolly, and as if he was sensible of the inutility of reasoning with a maniac, suggested the probability, that his engaging in a foreign service

would raise an insuperable barrier to his ever regaining the favour of his sovereign, which, if his present contempt of life should, as it doubtless would, pass away, might subject him to long and unavailing regret for his precipitance.

The countenance of the exile was clothed in a bitter smile—"You are unacquainted with my character, father," said he, "or you would know that my purpose is not the light and passing thought you imagine it to be; but were it so, I could not brook the idea of seeking a reconciliation with my persecutors."

He now entered into a copious detail of the services he had performed; and the wrongs he had suffered, interlarding it with harsh and bitter invective against the king and his favourite. Hurried on by the interesting nature of his subject, he failed for some time to perceive that his auditor seemed to enter very little into his feelings, but sat half thoughtful, half chagrined, at the rhapsody he was uttering.

He was desirous of having a partner in

his anger, and was too well versed in the ways of man not to be aware of the most effectual method of gratifying his wish. He had just observed, that he claimed the merit of having refused, in the course of his diplomatic operations, in several instances, to fulfil certain diabolical mandates of the cardinal's, to which circumstance he, in a great degree, imputed his misfortunes ; and added, that he was still in possession of the letters which contained the foul and iniquitous propositions, the disclosure of which would immolate one of his enemies, at least, on his funeral pile.

This had drawn from the father a sarcastic remark, that if the source of his visions could be judged of by their fruits, they could not be from heaven, for they were to lead to treason, suicide, and an unpardonable breach of confidence.

“ Father,” said the exile, eyeing him with a look keen, penetrating, and expectant of the effects of what he was about to utter, “ one of the objects of this man, whose iniquitous secrets you deem so sacred a de-

posit, was the utter annihilation of the holy order to which you belong."

The father remained unmoved, but his countenance assumed a character of deeper thought—"That, my son," said he, "was a project too romantic to excite any feeling but contempt; the order of monks is so inwoven in the constitution of the church, as to render it absolutely necessary that with her they must stand, but with her they may not perish."

"You mistake me, father; his eminence had nothing less in view than the destruction of monkhood in general, he only wished to destroy that particular order to which you belong."

The father was roused from his indifference to the cardinal's wickedness; his countenance glowed with indignation, and he anxiously inquired as to the particulars of so dark a plot.

Edward detailed them in as glowing colours as he was capable of employing.

The father stormed, and foamed with rage, to the utter astonishment of Edward,

who had always thought him one of the mildest of men—one whom nature, habit, and reason, had combined to exempt from the influence of rugged passions.

He was pleased, however—I have touched, thought he, the right key at last. Oh, I have not studied mankind for nothing; and my proud patron, in his future efforts to mould them to his wishes, will often regret the want of those abilities he has cast from him:

When the heart of man ceases to beat, then, and not till then, will he be separated from the world, and from worldly things. The exile had determined to die, and though the world was nothing to him, yet the pride of a discernment that perhaps was more allied to earth than heaven, filled his heart, and fired his eye. Misapplied genius had spoiled him, had made cunning of that which nature intended for wisdom; she had combined with it much of that simplicity that is so often found in union with wisdom, and

this, though he had duped many, had rendered him also the dupe of many.

The father required, after his choler had a little subsided, to see the letters in which the nefarious project of the cardinal had been communicated.

Edward said they were at his lodgings, to which he dared not venture, after what had occurred.

The father proposed that a messenger should be sent to ascertain whether any one had been there to inquire for him.

A messenger was accordingly dispatched, who soon returned with intelligence that no one had been there but a man, who had just left a letter for him, which the people of the house had now sent, thinking it might be of consequence.

Edward hastily snatched up the letter, and breaking the seal with much trepidation, read as follows:

“ I saved your life last night, but my gratitude did not terminate there ; if I were

to remain here, I should still do all that lay in my power to promote your safety ; but that is not the case ; I am recalled, and five new officers are arrived to execute the commission on which I was sent ; but before my departure, I thought I would inform you of this circumstance ; as also, that so long as you remain within the walls of the city, you are safe, the government here having positively refused to permit of the feelings of the citizens being outraged by the arbitrary seizure of any person, at the instance of a foreign power, immediately beneath their eyes. You must recollect what a knowledge I displayed, in the castle of Sindembosch, of the various routes by which you passed from the city to Rosemalde and back ; be assured you will be more closely watched in future : take care how you leave a place that you may consider as your asylum.

“ YOUR FRIEND.”

Edward shewed the letter to the father,

and they agreed that he might venture to his lodgings, and seek a repose that was now become extremely necessary to his agitated and jaded spirits. He promised to call at an early hour the ensuing day with the cardinal's letters; and the pere having shaken him cordially by the hand, and bade him take comfort, and live, if it were only to have the satisfaction of bringing his enemies to shame, he departed, musing deeply on the inconsistency of man, as exemplified in the conduct of the father, who made the interests of his order the standard of his morality, but not in the least suspecting that any lesson of the kind was to be extracted from his own.

He was not quite so exasperated against the cardinal, since he had found a person to share his hate, and even his thirst for immortality had suffered some abatement, since he had found that no more opposition was likely to be made to its indulgence; for he had construed the father's concluding words into an acquiescence in his scheme of becoming again a soldier, to

do which in such a manner as would not derogate from his dignity, his assistance would be mainly necessary; not that his intention was insincere, and communicated for the purpose of calling forth a compassionate resistance, which might flatter and sooth him with the consciousness that he was cared for, though as capable as any one of appreciating the value of such a feeling; but the fact is, that whatever inclination our desires may take, they always derive additional violence from opposition: the most rapid stream flows comparatively noiseless and smooth, when its progress is no longer resisted by the well-constructed dam, or the rocky masses, which the careless hand of nature may have dashed into its channel.

While he was engaged in reflections on what had occurred in the course of his visit, he happened to pass Conrad's house. He started as he observed it. His first emotion was to go in, and upbraid him with his treachery; but he checked it; such a measure might render him a more active

enemy, if he were one, and alienate him if he were still a friend, and the unwilling or deceitful instrument of his persecutors. He could not, however, refrain the desire he felt to see the man, and probe his feelings in such a manner as would still leave him unacquainted with the discovery he had made.

He accordingly knocked at the door, which was opened by Conrad himself, who welcomed him with every mark of that satisfaction with which he was used to greet him.

A short conversation ensued, in which Edward, keeping his eye still fixed, with a penetrating glance, on the supposed traitor, put to him such questions as he thought best adapted to his purpose; but Conrad was either armed in innocence, or expert, in dissimulation, for not a blush or a stammer betrayed a suspicion as to the thoughts of his catechiser, who was obliged to depart as full of doubt and anxiety as when he had accosted him.

When he reached his lodgings, he

retired to rest ; and having, as he conjectured, from the growing darkness of the day when he opened his eyes, slept several hours, he was awakened by a loud knocking.

He started up in alarm, and having run to the window, he perceived the courier whom he had seen in the morning standing at the street-door, which was now opened by a domestic, and delivering letters.

His heart beat high with that confused and undefined hope, which it is the poor privilege of the unhappy to have excited by trivial occurrences, such as produce no vibration through the nerves of the prosperous. Calamity ever ranges to the utmost verge of possibility in search of relief. He would not indeed confess a hope to himself, but if royal favour, if the smiles of beauty were again offered to him, a scornful rejection of both would be a cordial that would enable him to approach the dark passage he had resolved to tread with greater alacrity.

The domestic now tapped at his chamber-

door, and delivered him two large packets, the perusal of which soon freed him from any little involuntary and uneasy doubt he might have entertained of the firmness of his pride. The one was from a friend in London, and informed him of the increasing exasperation of the king and the cardinal against him, and after touching on divers other matters of importance, dwelt very forcibly on several reports which had been circulated, very disadvantageous to his reputation, by some creatures of the latter.

His animosity, which that of the father had somewhat cooled, now revived in full force, and he vented the violence of his indignation in loud and continued imprecations against the base villain, who, not content with depriving him of his country, his rank, his fortune, and hunting him like some noxious animal through the world, was seeking to despoil him even of his good name.

It was some time before his rage would permit him to open the other packet, which he found to be an answer from Isa-

bel, to a letter he had written her on his arrival. It was couched in a strain of sweet and tender eloquence; and sympathizing with his misfortunes, and urging many topics of consolation suited to his situation, went on to inform him, that she was employing all the powerful interest of both her father's and mother's family to obtain his recall; and adjured him in the most persuasive terms not to enter a foreign service in any capacity whatsoever, as he had intimated was his design, that being a measure which would at once, and for ever, quell the hopes he might otherwise rationally entertain of revisiting his country, and recovering the favour of his sovereign.

When he called on the father the ensuing morning, he found the street-door of his residence lying open, a servant who had gone out on some errand a short distance, and whom he now saw hastening towards it, having left it so in order to avoid a reliance on the activity of his fellows for a speedy readmission, if he should close it after him. Edward did not wait to

be announced, but trusting that an abrupt intrusion would be excused, by the critical circumstances in which he was placed, made his way directly to the apartment of the father, whom he found in such deep study, that he had advanced several paces from the door ere he was aware of his entrance. He then raised his head, looked confused, and precipitately thrust a folio volume of a very antique appearance that lay before him, beneath the table upon which it had rested.

Edward, without appearing to notice this circumstance, which, however, powerfully excited his curiosity, put the letters he had received from England into the hands of the father, who, having read that from Isabel, seemed deeply impressed with admiration of the writer, and a sense of the propriety of the advice she had given.

The philanthropy of his nature seemed to overcome his indignation against the cardinal—"My son," said he, "this advice is salutary; if you feel a disposition to follow it, let me not see in those letters

{pointing to a package which Edward held in his hand) the means of punishing a villain, which I would wish might lie dormant, if, employed, they were to militate against your welfare. I strenuously counsel you to embrace the views which your fair correspondent holds forth."

The tone and manner of the father clearly shewed, that in giving this strenuous advice, he had performed a duty which was painful to him, and when Edward positively declared that he would not follow it, though it was with infinite pain he would act contrary to the opinion of the two persons upon earth whose opinion he most valued, he greedily snatched the packet which he presumed to contain the cardinal's letters, and from which his eye had never wandered for an instant, during the course of the conversation.

He now went through these, after having first read that from Edward's friend, and expressed his horror at the unrelenting cruelty of his powerful foe. As the machinations against his order were developed in

the proper terms of the great conspirator, his indignation again waxed hot; and when he had concluded, he informed the aspirant to immortality, that he had, in the course of the preceding night, digested a plan for his future conduct. He had several powerful friends both at Vienna and Madrid, by whose interference he would be able to procure him high rank in the emperor's service, when the ensuing spring should restore activity to military operations, which were now about to draw to a close for the season. It was at once requisite that he should have a master powerful enough to afford him protection, and one capable of making much use of the disclosure of Wolsey's perfidy, as well as of rewarding, to an adequate extent, the person who should make him acquainted with it. He then talked lightly of his purposed abandonment of life, as arising from a feeling that would soon subside, and inquired if he thought he would be in sufficient security where he was, till the period when he trusted he would enter on a career

of glory, equal to that of any hero of ancient or modern times?

Edward smiled at the eagerness with which he was now stimulated to *embrace his hands in blood*, and replied, that the government where he now was might yield to Wolsey's solicitations, and at all events, he should not like to be a prisoner within the walls of the city; he would therefore await, elsewhere, the accomplishment of the father's views in his favour.

"I had anticipated your answer," said the father, "and had thought of a secure retreat for you. That part of the French territory which is now known by the name of *Franche Comte*, was, in the days of our rude forefathers, occupied by a vast forest, of which considerable vestiges still remain, notwithstanding that the industry of many generations has been employed in clearing the ground on which it stood, and fitting it for the labours of the husbandman; ample space indeed has been afforded to the plough and the scythe, but the traveller who proceeds from Vesoul, and leaving

Besançon to the right, passes onward to St. Claude, finds himself frequently immersed in the depths of forest wildness; he often pursues his route for several leagues without perceiving any vestige of human habitant, except the rude hut of boughs that has afforded shelter to the sportsman, or the cross, that, marking a spot defiled with blood, sends a shudder through his frame as he surveys it, and presses his steed into a quicker pace. The most extensive of these tracks spreads its tangled covertures and aged oaks to the southward, and the high ridge of the Jura stretches along the horizon, at some distance from its eastern extremity, deepening its solitude, increasing the security it affords the unhappy recluse, and enriching the romantic prospects with which the eye of such as climb its steep acclivities is delighted. In the most secluded part of this wild, unfrequented, almost unexplored district, a brother of mine has reared an humble habitation. He had long served his country; but finding that as his honours

increased, his originally small stock of wealth diminished. Apprehensive, at length, that if he were to continue treading the paths of glory, he might leave two daughters, of which his family consists, destitute of the means of subsistence, he retired with those girls, his only companions, to the spot where he has resolved to spend, in unambitious privacy, the remainder of his days. Independent of the affection which the ties of relationship have established between us, I have been often useful to him in his passage through life, and at my instance, he will cheerfully receive you as a temporary inmate of his humble dwelling. There you will be secure; those peaceful shades have often sheltered the guilty; they will now shelter the innocent and persecuted. At a distance from the haunts of man, hearing nor of oppression nor of injustice, the silence, the loneliness, the fragrance, the melody of nature, will sooth and tranquillize the perturbation of your mind, and fill it with that reno-

vated energy and strength, which is necessary to direct Valour, when she struggles for the meed of power or of glory. What say you, my son? shall the forest of Mauriac conceal for a season him who is one day to snatch the palm, and make the mighty tremble?"

"Father," replied the exile, "it will joy my parting spirit to make the wicked tremble; but the palm I seek is immortality. Yet, methinks, I would not die wrapt in obscure weeds; 'twould be a triumph over my persecutors to fall honoured and favoured by greater than themselves. Till you can obtain for me the conspicuous station in which your kindness wishes to place me in, I shall thankfully accept the asylum you offer."

The father, whose countenance still exhibited marks of that confusion and agitation which anger, and the hopes of vengeance had excited, now left the room, to give some orders to a domestic, and Edward had leisure to examine the volume

which he had been perusing when he interrupted his studies.

It was a treatise on apparitions, and the fact of its having engaged the attention of the father, induced a suspicion in his mind that he was not altogether sincere in making so light, as he had done the day before, of the phenomenon that he had witnessed. This suspicion was corroborated on the return of the father, who now appearing to have, in some degree, regained his serenity, led the conversation, as it were, by accident, round to the castle of Sindensbosch, and made him detail twice over, as minutely as possible, all that had occurred to him within its precincts. When, however, he had received all the information he wished, he again treated the whole matter as the effect of a heated imagination, and a mind disabled by grief from performing, with due regularity, the ordinary functions of the human intellect. "It was natural enough," he said, "that a person who had spent his day weeping

over a tomb, should be prepared at night to shape the fleecy rack of ether into apparitions of the dead, and hear their voice in every passing breeze, particularly when the circumstances in which he was placed were favourable to the illusion ; the blood-stained letter, indeed, could not have been the work of fancy ; but this, unfortunately, only served to strengthen the father's theory, for he had it not to produce, having lost it from his bosom, in which he had deposited it.

It was now agreed that he should leave his present sojourn in the course of a week, which time he should occupy in making the necessary arrangements with respect to his child, which was to be under the eye of the father, and in preparations for his journey.

As he wandered homewards, he felt once again the stirrings of ambition in his bosom ; the prospects the monk had held forth to him were alluring in themselves, but doubly so when combined with the thought of the gratification they would afford his pride,

honoured and aggrandized, as he might be, in the teeth of his enemies. He had already begun to seek for reasons to justify his leading foreign troops, and dipping a mercenary blade in human gore, and the laurel was on his brow, and the clarion in his ear, when he passed the low dwelling in which Luise had breathed her last.

He looked at it, and renouncing the search, concluded that it was unjustifiable. He thought that reason had triumphed, but it was grief. Had Adelaide offered an adequate excuse for her conduct the next minute, and smiled upon his love, it is probable his argumentative powers would have resumed their activity.

The setting sun was red upon the heights of Rosemalde, as Edward stood at an upper window of the friendly monk's residence, on the evening fixed for his departure, (for he feared to leave the city by day). He gazed mournfully on them, and thought he could distinguish the spire of the village-church, within whose grassy cincture the ashes of Luise were deposited. His

child was in his arms; he wept over it, and blessed it, and prayed that it might not practise the vices that had contaminated, or bow beneath the misfortunes that had destroyed its unhappy father.

He was still pressing the poor innocent to his bosom, and weeping, and looking towards Rosemaide, when the shades of night had fallen dense upon the earth. But now reminded that delay was perilous, he delivered the infant to him who was to be his future protector; and hastening, wrapt in his cloak, to the south gate of the city, passed it, as he thought, unobserved, and entering a grove in which a horse awaited him, he mounted the animal in haste, and alarmed at perceiving a figure steal from behind a tree at some little distance, and walk rapidly towards the gate by which he had passed out, he set off at full gallop, and ere an hour had elapsed, was several miles on his journey.

CHAP. III.

Per piani, e colli, e monti, e valli errai lon sospettoso prè
la notte, e 'l die. CORSINI.

.....

—————The lonely tower

Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

THOMSON.

THE exile had gained an eminence, from which he recollected he had often, in happier days, viewed the distant city, ere he stopped to allow his horse to take breathe. He now turned his head, and listened anxiously, fearing to have his ear assailed by the unwelcome sounds of pursuit. There was no sound to be heard but the low chirp of the field-cricket in the hedge by his side, and the barking of a dog at some distance, whose vigilance he had aroused as he passed.

The moon was rising through a mist with dilated and fiery orb, and he was waiting

till, having overtopt a wood that screened the city, her light should have enabled him once more to view the place where his poor babe, now sunk in sweet slumber, reposed, unconscious of the loss of one, and the sufferings of another parent, when suddenly a breeze blowing fresh towards him, he thought it came filled with the shout of men, and the trampling of horses.

He started, stretched his head forward, and listened in fearful expectation: the shout had ceased, but the trampling was more distinct, and appeared to approach direct towards where he stood.

He turned his horse's head, and fled with precipitation; but what was his dismay, as he approached a river which he had to pass, to find that the Lammas rains, which had fallen heavy for some days, had swollen it to such a height, that it had carried away the centre arch of the bridge that crossed it.

Stunned by an evil so unexpected; it was not till after the lapse of some minutes that he recollected that another

bridge crossed the stream higher up ; but this only produced a fresh disappointment, for on seeking the narrow road that led to it, he found the entrance closed by a high gate, so well fastened, as to be proof against all his efforts to force it open.

Another road ran down the stream, which he, in the perplexity in which he found himself involved, thought of taking, though he knew not whither it led ; but the entrance was obstructed in the same manner as that of the other. He pressed his horse to leap the barrier thus presented to his progress, but the animal was quite unequal to such a service, and the sounds of pursuit drew nearer and nearer. What was now to be done ? For a considerable way he had passed with a close hedge on either side of the road, so that if he were to return, he must meet his pursuers before he could turn out of their way.

He drew his sword, choosing rather to

die spilling the blood of men who sought his, than plunge into the stream, which was rolling its turbid, swollen, and pent-up waters with such violence, as to render consequent destruction certain. He brandished his blade, uttered in a low voice the name of Luise, with whose spirit he thought his own was on the point of mingling, and commended himself, in a short prayer, to the mercy of Heaven.

The moon was now riding high in the firmament, and as the bright steel flashed over his head, its gleam struck through an open space in the hedge on his right, which appeared to have been recently levelled on that spot for some purpose of agriculture; he was astonished he had not observed it before, and suddenly pushed his horse through it. He now found himself in a small close paddock, into which, if his enemies should enter, to seek him, he must soon be discovered: fearful, therefore, of alighting, and thus increasing the inequality of the combat, he should, in all probability, have to sustain, he sta-

tioned himself behind the hedge-row through which he had passed, resolving to rush to vengeance and to death, the moment the first horse's head should appear within the gap.

He stood with collected spirit, and feeding his stern fancy with the thought of how little food for triumph there would be in the tale the surviving satellites of the cruel Wolsey would have to relate to their master, when the clatter of hoofs, which had grown somewhat fainter, was heard loud upon the hill from which he had just descended, and in a few seconds six men, armed at all points, and, as well as he could discern, admirably mounted, were close to his covert.

They appeared surprised and disappointed at not finding him, and one of them rode along the hedge behind which he was sheltered, beating it with his sabre, and talking in the language of a sportsman looking for a hare, not, as it appeared, from suspicion of the truth, but to sig-

nify to his companions his belief that their prey had slipped through their fingers.

"Conrad," said one, who appeared to have the chief authority among them, "you shall pay for this; it was not without cause that we suspected your sincerity; this fine-spun plan of yours was all a trick, to favour the traitor's escape."

This address was answered by a voice which Edward knew to be Conrad's, and which made him shudder, to think he wore the form of a class of beings whose vices marked them for the peculiarly accursed of Heaven. "My plan," said the ingrate, "was what none but the devil himself, I think, could have frustrated; it was totally impossible he could have known of the bridge having given way; he scarcely can have spoke to any one since the accident occurred but that old monk, and he, I know, was ignorant of it only a few hours since, for one of his servants informed me that he was to go on a message in this direction to-morrow, and being unacquainted with

the country beyond, asked me which turn to the left, after he should have passed the bridge, led to Grunenfeldt? You may rely on it he is concealed somewhere about here, and if that be the case, the moon is shining so bright, that we shall easily discover his hiding-place, or he has attempted to swim the river, and if so, he has spared the executioner a job; he may save the edge of his axe for some other ambassador—But hold, (he had now alighted, and was examining the top rail of the gate, over which Edward had attempted in vain to pass; but the fore feet of his horse having rested upon it, had left some of the clay that stuck to them behind,) hold, here is some track of our man; he has leaped the gate; well, no one in the world, to look at that sorry jade, would have thought it capable of such a spring. If he has escaped, your quarrel will be now with the horse-dealer, not with me; you were yourself present when I bargained with him to send all his good cattle out of the way till this animal was taken, as the prime of his

stud ; and *zum henker**, I believe it was the prime after all. However, I think one or other of our nags may match it in speed, and all we have now to do is, to follow by the upper bridge."

After a short parley, the party agreed to this proposal, and the gate, of which they had the key, being flung open, the hard soil again rung to the clatter of hoofs. The sound echoed for some time amidst a knot of low hills that soon received the band into their bosom, and then dying gradually away, stillness returned, unbroken but by the sighing of the night-breeze, and the roar of the torrent.

The unhappy exile came forth from his hiding-place ; his pursuers had left him the almost certain means of escape, but he could not be said to rejoice at his safety. His heart was heavy ; he alighted, and sat upon a fragment of the broken arch, which the stream had rolled to the bank.

It is a hard task for man, who loves

* A German oath.

himself so well, gratuitously to condemn himself; but there are seasons when the world's cruelty visits our hearts with so severe a pressure, that we seek the justification of our fellows, even in our own abasement. The exile could have wished to think that Conrad sought his life, to revenge the sufferings of Luise; but there was no hypothesis but what was full of pain; his head sunk on his bosom, and he shed a copious flood of bitter, bitter tears.

They relieved his surcharged heart, and permitted him to consider what might be the better way of reaching his asylum, without again coming in contact with his pursuers. He concluded, that when they had gone about a day's journey without overtaking him, they would give up the pursuit; meanwhile, if he could discover a road among the hills that stretched along the eastern horizon, by which he could travel for two or three days, he might then, with safety, return to that which it was now necessary to abandon. As there was, however, no passage in the direction of

those hills much nearer to him than the city, except that which ran by the river, and he was apprehensive that if he returned, the delay thus incurred might be perilous, and also that he might be intercepted by another band of his enemies, he determined to try if he could not force the lock by which the entrance to this was secured, and follow it at a venture.

He succeeded, with some difficulty, in breaking the lock with a stone, and set forward on his new route; the road ran for several miles now close along the stream, and now crossing a broader, now a narrower isthmus, formed by its windings. The country to his left was occupied by large tracks of marshy ground, partly flooded, and partly still affording pasture to numerous herds of black cattle, that often roused from their lair, as the traveller passed, shook the dewdrops from their coats, and collected around him with eye that seemed inquisitive of those sheltered homesteads, from which they had been for a season estranged, and emitting from their wide-

stretched nostrils clouds of fragrant steam. His eyes could discover no dwelling on the wide waste of chequered marsh and flood, but its surface was occasionally varied by a clump of alders, or a patch of willow plantation, from amidst whose stream-nourished stems, the wild-duck and the wild-geon rose with loud splash and scream, as he passed, while the coot, with monotonous note of alarm, issuing from the sedgy creek, at the head of her sable progeny, conducted them safe amidst the yellow breakers, to the opposite side of the river.

On that side, the marshy ground did not extend so far from the bank ; the land rose at a slight distance, presenting a varied scene of cultivated fields and tufted orchards, and grove-embosomed hamlets, with their pointed spires, stretching in uncertain and shadowy prospect, beneath the soft and mellow moonbeam ; a flat boat, moored to a withered stump that projected from the bank, was heaving upon the rolling tide ; a light now and then glimmered from a distant cottage ; the startled lap-

wing, with slender shriek, wheeled in short, quick circles overhead; and sometimes the notes of an oboe, tuned by some rustic youth, in solace of the fatigue of his diurnal toil, filled the still air with sweet and artless melody.

As well as our traveller could collect from the situation of the stars, it was about midnight, when the road suddenly turning from the river, wound to the left through low hills, on which the sandy and barren soil almost every where burst through the scanty vegetation, from which the rabbit sometimes scudded. On either side, as he passed onwards, a few firs and birch, whose silver bark glittered in the moonlight, reared by the hand of devotion, occasionally shaded a niche in which was placed an image of the Virgin, and occasionally, the huge uncouth piles of a druid's temple threw large masses of shade athwart the path. The sullen roar of the stream still came in the breeze, and its drowsy sound, unmingled with any other, exercising its influence on the animal spirits of the traveller, as he

allowed his horse to pass at will through the dreary and desolate scene, he gradually sunk into a kind of half slumber, from which he was suddenly aroused by the voice of a man, and the trample of a horse by his side, the latter of which sounds the soft nature of the soil had prevented his hearing before.

His first impulse was to defence, for his enemies were still in his mind, and he had his hand already upon the hilt of his sword, when his alarm was stilled, in some degree, by the gentle tone of voice in which he was addressed, and pausing to view his new companion, he perceived that he was a man in whose looks, manner, or equipments, there was nothing that in the least indicated hostile intent; his countenance, as well as he could discern by the moon-beam, which shone full upon it, was mild and simple, his garb that of a peasant, and a pair of panniers, behind which he rode, were fitted to his horse's sides. To a rustic greeting, and an observation that the morning air was beginning to nip keenly,

Edward having made a courteous reply, he was encouraged (for he had been at first somewhat frightened by the menacing attitude he had assumed) to inquire whither he was going?

This was a question to which the other, not being in a condition to give a direct, was obliged to give an evasive answer, which he immediately followed up by a similar interrogatory.

The peasant informed him that he was going to fetch home his wife, who was on a visit to her relations, who lived in a village not far from the borders of Suabia—that his panniers were filled with cheese, butter, and other produce of his farm, which he was carrying them by way of a present—that he was travelling at night in order to pull up lost time, for he had promised his wife to be with her on a certain day, but had been obliged to stay at home longer than he intended, to save some hay which was in danger of being swept away by the late floods.

He had often passed the road he was

now travelling before, and Edward finding, on putting further questions to him, that he would pass through a town, which he knew could not be far distant from the point from which he would endeavour to regain his route, he proposed that they should travel together, rejoiced that fortune had thus thrown a guide in his way.

This proposal was joyfully accepted by the other, for solitary meditation is not a pleasure to which the vulgar are much addicted ; and the travellers now jogged on, cheering the way with pleasant converse, for the supple and flexible mind of the courtly nobleman could easily accommodate itself to the subjects prized by lowly men. They talked of the growth of crops, and the fickleness of seasons—the oppression of the rich, and the sorrows of the poor—the village-scandal, and the village-festival—but chief, the shadowy shapes that cross the path of the midnight traveller, the agile elves that weave the light dance in the moonlight glade, while a sweeter, fresher verdure springs in the cir-

cle that owns the pressure of their tiny feet, and slender notes of soul-entrancing melody float around for those who will but hear them.

The moon was rapidly descending in the west, and the faint signs of morning were abroad, as they reached a wild and extensive common. The stars were shining with a feebler lustre—the lark had sprung with loud carol into the firmament—and a cock, announcing with his welcome, though harsh clarion, the vicinage of a human habitation, was heard at a little distance.

The peasant now informed his companion that the agreeable note proceeded from the precincts of a small public-house on the common, which would afford them food and rest, and in a few minutes they stopped at the door. A heap of blazing faggots that occupied a large hearth was discovered from without through a small window, and the females of the family were assembled around it, spinning their early task.

The peasant knocked, and a man, in the

act of huddling on his clothes, having opened the door, examined the faces and persons of the travellers by the feeble light that was now glimmering in the east.

He soon recognised one of them as an old acquaintance, and addressing him by the name of Gasper, advanced and shook him cordially by the hand; when the women heard the name of Gasper uttered, and his voice in correspondent greeting, they all rose from their work, and collecting round the peasant, for whom they appeared to entertain great good will, they led him in to the fire, and one pulling off his cloak, another his boots, another laying aside his whip, and another his hat, they appeared like the inmates of an eastern seraglio, busied about the pacha, whose smile was the highest prized reward. Gasper, indeed, had nothing of the sullen dignity of that worthy kind of person about him, but appeared, by the good humour with which he chucked one under the chin, winked at another, dispensed a ribband to a third, and a gilt broach to a fourth, to have earned their

attentions in a very fair and legitimate manner. Edward, who had at first likened him to the pacha, thought him by much the happiest man of the two.

He now seemed suddenly to recollect something, and whispered his fair attendants successively. They all assumed a look of importance, and one of them appearing to communicate whatever secret had been confided to her to the man, who had just come in, after leaving the horses in the stable, the whole party gathered about Edward, who till now, utterly neglected, had stood aside, half disposed to envy the good fortune of his companion.

They endeavoured to make up for their inattention by much officiousness, though mingled with a timid respect, and having soon freed him from his travelling equipments, and seated him in a large wicker chair by the fire, they set about preparing breakfast; one scoured a fryingpan, another cut rashers, a third produced the produce of the dairy, and the fowl-house, and the beehive; each was sedulously employ-

ed, and in a few minutes they all sat down to a banquet, which, whatever it might have wanted in elegance, was as solid and wholesome as could be wished, and to those who had provided an appetite by travelling all night, wanted not for grateful relish.

"Gasper," said a lively-looking wench who sat opposite to him, when the cloth was removed, "why didn't we see you at Kirchenberg? I haven't been at so pleasant a place for a long time; all your old friends missed you very much: that stupid fellow that was in your place was quite tiresome; why, he's like a log; where, in the name of Heaven, did the doctor find him? you must know that Gretchen Hanson played him a fine trick; you know what a gamesome jade Gretchen is."

The girl, who had been busied preparing her work, which she was about to resume while she was speaking, now looked at Gasper, who sat frowning and biting his lips, and, to all appearance, labouring

under some distressing perplexity. The girl's eyes no sooner met his, than observing the expression of his countenance, she blushed, and checked her prattle. A dead silence, of several minutes duration, ensued, during which Edward, having combined the circumstance that had just occurred with the whisper, which had evidently related to himself, began to suspect that his companion was not quite so simple and innocent a person as he had taken him for. Fearful that he had escaped Scylla only to be swallowed in Charybdis, he cast on him a harsh and penetrating glance. Gasper returned it with a look of respect, and something like fear, but withal simple and unsuspicious.

The exile remembered that Conrad also wore an honest and simple countenance ; but his eye happening to glance on his cap and cloak, which were richly laced, and hung upon a peg in the wall, he felt himself immediately enabled to account for the whisper, and its consequences, and then the other circumstance was without weight.

3

He mourned inwardly to think of the wretched condition of the outlaw, before whom the little intrigues and secrets of harmless peasants could not be arrested in their progress to disclosure, without filling his breast with alarm and suspicion. He strove by gentle inquiry, as to whether his journey had fatigued him, to make up to his guide for the discourteous look he had given him, and again fell into thought, in which he remained sunk till the hostess announced that the bed on which he was to repose was prepared.

When he rose, the family of the hostel were sitting down to their noontide meal; of which having partaken, he proceeded on his journey under the guidance of Gasper, whom he found to be an extremely useful, as well as entertaining companion, for he was generally known on the road, and was every where received with singular good-will and satisfaction, a portion of the favour he seemed to enjoy being, as it were, reflected on his fellow-traveller.

The smiling landscape, gay with cottages, and palaces, and towns, and villages, through which they sometimes passed, was rendered still more cheerful by the good humour and archness of the lively peasant; and the wild heath; the rock-bound solitude, or dark forest-path, were deprived of a portion of their awe-inspiring power, by his laugh or his carol.

Edward sometimes, spite of his sorrows, was compelled to laugh with him, was sometimes sunk in meditation, from which no vivacity or loudness of mirth could rouse him, and sometimes starting from a reverie, and casting his eye around on the savage wildness of some sequestered scene, almost wondered to hear the jest of the rustic, and the song of the thrush, where the whoop of the bandit and the scream of the raven would have been fitter, though less pleasant, accordance.

It was on the evening of the third day's journey, which had hitherto been safe and uninterrupted, that the travellers having entered a wood that crossed their route,

the attention of the exile was caught by the ruins of a castle, the grey masses of which appeared on an eminence at some distance through the branches of the trees, whose foliage now presenting all the rich and varied tints of autumn, derived deeper and mellower hues from the still warm rays of the declining sun. The fading of the leaves was almost the only circumstance by which the progress of the season, since the evening of his late adventures, had been marked. The building he now saw bore a striking resemblance to that in which they had occurred; the sun was at the same height as when he had entered it, the atmosphere was about the same warmth, the scenery was alike, as well as the sounds of life that filled it; that evening, which had formed so remarkable an epoch in his existence, came forcibly into his mind, and he said quietly, and almost unconsciously, as he viewed the fabric—"I could almost persuade myself to think that the castle of Sindenbosch."

"The castle of Sindenbosch!" repeated Gasper, starting, and with a certain degree of wildness in his aspect, breaking a silence he had maintained since his entrance into the wood, for a longer period than was usual with him; "what did Mein Herr say about the castle of Sindenbosch?"

"I observed," replied Edward, startled in his turn by the extraordinary effect which his words had produced on his companion, "that the ruins before us bear a striking similarity to it."

Gasper looked forward, and the likeness seemed now to strike him for the first time; he shivered from head to foot, and the wildness of his look increased.

Edward, alarmed on the man's account, and feeling his curiosity, at the same time, forcibly excited, asked him if he ailed any thing?

"Nothing particular, Mein Herr, only I feel all I don't know how, whenever that dreadful place is mentioned."

"You have been there?"

"Often; I was born and lived all my younger days within a quarter of a league of it."

Edward now imputed his perturbation to the fears by which the peasantry, in the vicinage of the castle, were generally possessed, and was glad he had found an opportunity of making some inquiries with respect to it, which the isolated state he had been kept in by the anxiety consequent on his critical situation, and the fear of finding a betrayer in whomsoever he might accost, had hitherto deterred him from. The pere Etienne, the only person with whom he had lately conversed, being a stranger in the country, could supply no information on the subject. "There are strange reports abroad concerning the castle of Sindenbosch," said he; "do you think them true?"

"True!" said Gasper, with a look of amazement at the incredulity which the question implied, "who ever doubted their truth? but see, Mein Herr," continued he, as, passing forward, they had obtained a ful-

her view of the building that had given rise to their conversation, for the windings of the road had led them opposite its western front, that was screened but by two or three tall elms, the lower branches of which had been lopped for firing, "see, Mein Herr, would you not, if we had a stream flowing beside us, now swear we were under Sindenbosch? Well, it's very strange, that often as I have travelled this road, and good cause as I have to know that castle, that I should never have remarked how like this is to it. It seems you have been at Sindenbosch, Mein Herr?"

"I have often passed it, and spent several hours within it one night in the course of last month."

"One night!" repeated Gasper; "oh, then you probably won't forget it in a hurry—look, was there ever any thing so like? is not that the very tower at the angle? is not that buttress, all overgrown with ivy, exactly as at Sindenbosch?—see the arched gate, and the chasm above it, and that high window, with the tree before

it; I could almost think it the very tree, and the very window:" he shuddered, and checked himself, as if about to betray a secret.

Edward's eye was so intently fixed upon the building, that he did not observe his agitation. "'Tis like," said he, "the window that has been pointed out to me from the road as belonging to the chapel of the castle of Sindenbosch."

"We had better be gone," said Gasper; "the paths through this wood are very intricate; it would be an awkward place to be benighted in, and I just recollect, that when I travelled this way last, the country was all in an uproar, in consequence of a desperate murder that had been committed in it—Hark! isn't that the sound of horsemen approaching in front?"

"I think I do," said Edward, "hear the trampling of a horse, but we have no reason to apprehend violence from any one but common banditti, whose object is plunder, and it is too early for them to commence their depredations."

“ Oh, Mein Herr, the village of Grunbach, where we are to rest for the night, is still a long way off, and you recollect how far we have now travelled without seeing a house, or the sign of a human being, except the small body of the emperor's troops that we met in the narrow pass of Grauenfels, and that looked all so gay and elegant in that gloomy place, with their tossing plumage, and their ermined cloaks, and their pennons waving in the air, and their sabres flashing in the sun—dear, dear, I wish they were here now; not that I so much want their protection neither; I don't want for courage, Mein Herr, (two female peasants, mounted, the one on a horse, the other on a mule, who appeared to be returning from market, had just come in sight through an open in the wood, in the direction whence the sound had proceeded,) but that lively music of theirs that echoed so sweetly among the high rocks, and every now and then the clash of cymbals and drums, that was enough to make any coward brave; I should like

to hear it whenever I was in danger; I think whenever it was in my ears, I shouldn't value a legion of robbers."

The market-women were now at hand, and Gasper saluting them courteously, desired to know to whom the building belonged?

"I don't know," answered the eldest, "to whom it belongs now, but it did belong to the count Steinberg."

"To the count Steinberg! what, he that died in prison at D——?"

"I don't know where he died."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Yes."

"He was a tall man?"

"Yes."

"And had a broad scar on his forehead?"

"Yes."

The querist again looked wild and terrified, and adjuring Edward to follow, put spurs to his horse, and set off at a full gallop.

They had advanced about a mile, when the fatigue of the animal obliged him, ap-

parently much against his will, to slacken his pace, and Edward having also checked his steed, inquired what had given him so much uneasiness?

"Are you not aware," said he, "that the count Steinberg, mentioned by the woman, was the owner, in his lifetime, of Sindembosch?"

"I was not aware of that circumstance; but what is there in it that should alarm you?"

"I should be very sorry to be near any place after sun-down that was ever inhabited by the count Steinberg, or any of his family."

"Why so?"

Gasper threw a glance of caution and terror around him, then said in a low voice, as if he thought the spirits of the Steinbergs were flitting around him, "The whole family, for many generations back, were given to unlawful studies."

Edward recollected the story of the necromancer, and smiled, from the habit of smiling at such things, though his modes

of contemplating them had undergone a considerable change ; he then went on to ask if the person in question was the count Steinberg, who some years before having been arrested on the charge of treason, died in prison ?

“ The same.”

“ Was it not suspected that he was put to death by the order of the minister baron Walstein, who had himself died in the course of the preceding month ?”

“ It was more than suspected, no one doubted it. I heard strange reports,” continued Gasper, “ with respect to the baron’s death the other day, ~~when~~ I happened to go into the city with a load of straw ; there were many stories, but no two alike. Some said that he had discovered his wife in an intrigue with a nobleman celebrated for his love of the ladies ; others said he had no wife, but that a nephew of his, who is in the emperor’s service, had taken to evil courses ; others, that he was fearful of losing his power ; others again, that he had lost the greater part of his property by gaming ; but

these were generally disbelieved, as it was fit they should, for you know such things happen every day without killing people; I'm sure they might happen often enough without killing me. The only two accounts I could learn, that were any way probable or natural, were, the one, that his father, who was as great a grinder of the poor as himself in his lifetime, had appeared to him in garments of fire, and bid him prepare to meet him soon in purgatory, where they were to dwell together for some ten thousand years; the other was, that he had seen the ghost of the count. Almost every one I met seemed inclined to believe one or other of these stories, and for my part, I think them both so likely, that I don't know which to choose."

"There's nothing to prevent you believing both," said Edward.

"Gad, that's true," said Gasper, apparently much pleased to think that there was no need to reject any portion of the marvellous; "I never thought of that be-

fore. The old baron and the count might have come hand in hand; I have good reason to think that the one wears the same livery as the other; God protect us all! I hope you and I, Mein Herr, may never be quite so warmly clad."

"I hope not, Gasper; but why should you think so hardly of the count? I always understood he was a well-disposed, though weak man, and that in the transaction that cost him his life, he was merely the tool and the dupe of the baron, of whom he then became, as it was reported, whether truly or otherwise, the victim. My own knowledge of the baron (for I have had some intercourse with him) leads me to give full credit to this representation, so far as it regards him."

"I have already said," replied Gasper, with some tartness of manner, as if he thought his companion incredulous or unreasonable, "that the count was addicted to the practice of the black art; what signifies it that he was honest, and generous, and affable, and brave, and all that? you

know, Mein Herr, that, as the monk who preaches at our church says, Satan oft-times tricks out his best-beloved, when he sends them to snare the souls of men, with attractive qualities both of mind and body; why, the monk says, that he himself has been often tempted by the evil one in the shape of a beautiful young girl, with eyes so dark, and lips so red, and teeth so white and even, and breasts so hard and swelling to the touch—oh, Mein Herr,” continued Gasper, smacking his lips, “it would do your heart good to hear the holy man describe the strength of the temptation——”

“Under which,” said Edward, interrupting him, “I’ll be sworn he has often sunk.”

“He never told us any thing as to that point,” said Gasper; “but I shouldn’t much wonder.”

“I should wonder neither much nor little, Gasper.”

Gasper assumed a rueful look, while he drawled forth, in the humble accent of conscious weakness—“Nor I either, Mein

Herr; the best of us are too much given to sin."

A considerable interval of silence ensued, broken only by the frequent wish of Gasper that the moon would rise, or an ejaculation of wonder at her delay. The mention of count Steinberg seemed to have quelled his spirits. The stars were sown thick in the firmament, but their light was too weak to dispel the dense masses of shade with which the tall overarching trees and the close brushwood enveloped the travellers; and whenever a stronger gust shed the withered leaves in a shower around them, or a pheasant, scared by their approach, sprung from the brake, or the wild roe bounded through the coppice, Gasper started, crossed himself, looked round, and pressed his horse into a quicker pace.

"Gasper," said Edward, "we were passing through just such another place as this at this same hour last night, and you laughed, and jested, and sung the whole way."

"I hadn't just seen a Sindenbosch then," said Gasper.

Silence again resumed her reign. Edward resigned himself to meditation ; he had food sufficient for it in the vicissitudes of his worldly circumstances ; but since the immaterial world had been opened to his view, sublunary affairs entered but for little into his speculations. His thoughts were now turned to the wizard reputation of the Steinberg family, which, though he had no doubt had been much the result of vulgar credulity, he still had, as he conceived, good reason for thinking not altogether without foundation in reality. He wished for some person of improved intellect, who, having had access to the same means of information as his illiterate companion, would strip whatever tale he might have to unfold of the childish and improbable, and allow the eye of reason to cast a dim glance on the mysterious ways of that Providence, which, for doubtless wise and salutary, but dark and inscrutable purposes, would sometimes, in violation of the fixed laws of nature, send shadowy agents to walk the earth, pouring vengeance on

successive generations, whose impure stock had germinated in a soil rank and reeking with the blood of man.

The dark woodland scenery, in which not even the sound of a sheep-bell told of the vicinage of man, seemed to invite to tales of disembodied beings, and the serene and quiet hour that soothed the rougher passions, would soften whatever might be more terrible in the narration, and filling the awful and undefined views of mortals beyond the grave with some portion of romantic sweetness, send into the heart a pleasant familiarity with that death that, dreadful as his aspect may generally be, promises, at least to the wretched, a long oblivion of their sorrows.

Edward thought at length that he could himself divest what was important of the garniture of village credulity, in the progress of the narrative, as it came from the mouth of Gasper, and he asked him to relate all he knew of the wizard family.

The spirits of Gasper did not seem to be

at a pitch that would admit of the song, or the jest, or the laugh, that had hitherto beguiled the way ; but the deep silence that prevailed in their room was not to his taste, and he was glad of an opportunity of breaking it, by talking on a subject of which his mind was full. " If I were to tell all that I know of the family," said he, " I should have business before me for a month ; but I shall willingly relate to Mein Herr a few of the more extraordinary particulars that are reported concerning them. The first of the family of whom any thing was known, and who built the castle of Sindenbosch, was Geoffry von Steinberg, who is still often seen in the vaults of the castle ; he was a giant, being full thirty feet high. He owned a vast track of Germany, but nevertheless used to inspect his possessions every morning an hour before sunrise, mounted on a fiery dragon, that measured one hundred feet from the tip of one wing to that of another, and whose tail—Holy St. Paul, Mein

Herr ! isn't that an armed man on a white horse, standing by the side of the clump of hazels under the rock ?”

“ It is a white cow,” said Edward, straining his eye ; “ and, as well I can discern, without a rider.”

“ The late count Steinberg often rode upon a white horse—but I believe, sure enough, that is a cow,” said Gasper, recovering himself.

“ He was about to resume his narration, but Edward, who apprehended that the annals of the family would go to an inconvenient length, begged him to confine it to what he could himself vouch to be true with respect to the late count.

“ Then Mein Herr wouldn't wish to hear of the taking of the castle and the death of Geoffry, achieved by a single knight, named Siegwart the valiant, nor of the descendant of Geoffry, that had the faculty of changing himself into a lion or a hay-rick, or any other terrible thing he pleased ? Lord be merciful to us ! who knows but that white cow we just passed was himself !

the thought of it makes my blood run cold."

"I fear," said Edward, "if we were to go into all the particulars of the history, we should not arrive at that part I most wish to be acquainted with ere our parting, which, you know, is to take place to-morrow evening."

"Gad, that's well considered," said Gasper; "I have listened to so many of these stories, stretched upon the grass in hay and harvest-time, and crowding round our cottage-fire on winter evenings, that when I begin, I scarcely know which to choose, or where to end. Well, all I can say of the count I can say in a very few words—but as I live, there's the moon."

They had now gained the top of a gentle rise in the road, and above a hill that skirted the eastern horizon, the edge of her disk was just visible. They stood to contemplate her ascent; she soon cleared the hill, strongly defining the undulating line formed by the wood that ridged it, and spreading abroad her light, exhibited all

the wildness of the scene through which they were passing ; vast rocks towered to their right, now opening in wide clefts, to the extremity of which the eye could not penetrate, and now presenting dark caverns, from the contemplation of whose secret, unexplored depths the fancy recoiled ; a birch-tree, that had found a narrow patch of soil, here and there waved its lonely head amidst rude and craggy projections of the cliffs ; sometimes, where they lost for a short space their perpendicular elevation, an indented and irregular line of forest plants chequered their dark front—the fresh green of the laurel and the juniper mingling with the red and yellow tints of the deciduous shrubs ; and sometimes the active power of vegetation asserting her reign even in the most unpromising situations, fringed the cavern's mouth with moss and briony, and sent the hardy and insinuating ivy, now with failing foliage, now with naked stem, grasping, each rougher portion of rock that held scant particles of nutriment, bestowed by the

small bird's tenancy, or the tempest's breath, still winding round each obstacle, and climbing with quiet vigour, till having reached some more favourable spot, it spread its masses of shining and lovely verdure in rich redundancy to the breeze.

Thus doth some patient, toiling, vigilant son of man, accustomed from his infancy to want and hardship, hold on the noiseless tenor of his way, while his less hardy fellows fail around him in the pinching winds, and arid soil of poverty; he bends from every impervious obstacle in the ascent of life, creeps calmly through each lesser difficulty, seizes with cautious diligence each better opportunity, and at length having gained the eminence he sought, the strong principles of vigour that enabled him to rise still operating in improved condition and circumstance, lap him suddenly in wealth and honours: his port is now erect, his form dilates in the dignity of conscious strength, and he lifts his countenance, clothed in pride and joy, to heaven.

The soft moisture of the genial evening glistened on the leaf, and the rock, athwart which, as the moonbeam threw a stronger light, the grey plumage of the fitting howlet was occasionally discerned. To the left, the land descending with a gentle declivity from the road, the eye was enabled to extend to an immense distance, through the stems of some tall trees, scattered thinly in the foreground; the wide-stretching forest, whose tufted summits had caught on the higher grounds the rays of the ascending moon, while from the broad masses and lines of shade, they still presented rude crags, that seemed torn by some convulsion of nature from the cliffs above the road, and scattered through the woodlands, reared their uncouth and fantastic shapes into the light.

At some little distance in front rose a high peaked hill, feathered with coppice, and crested with a watchtower, from which, just as the travellers had directed their view towards it, the loud and clear tones of the

bugle were suddenly sent, reverberating amidst the rocks, and spreading far and wide over the woods.

The travellers were at first disposed to fear that it was the signal of some troop of outlaws and banditti ; but while they stood irresolute and uncertain as to whether they should advance or retreat, the lower sounds of more sweet and regular melody came upon the breeze, and they soon distinguished the air to which the troops they had met on the road had marched ; they now concluded that another division of these were coming forward, and in a few minutes they discovered the gleam of pointed spears and polished helms, and the tossing of white plumage bursting through the gloom of the forest. After a little time the music ceased, and as the marshalled divisions passed them, the silence was broken only by the modulated step and the low converse of the officers, some of whom were remarking on the fine effect of the bugle from the watchtower, others on the beauty of the night ; and Edward was

not a little disturbed on hearing two, who brought up the rear, and were apparently engaged in close conference, mention his name frequently, with vehement emphasis and gesture. After some little consideration, however, he concluded that this circumstance might possibly be the result of some attempt that the pere Etienne had already made, to pave the way for his entrance into the Imperial service, and he thought no more of it.

Gasper now resumed his narrative—"It was at first generally thought," said he, "that Heinrich, the late count Steinberg, was free from the bias of his family, and the people on his estate hoped to have seen the brush of some great man, sent by the pope, sprinkling the walls of the castle, and driving thence the unquiet spirits and devils that inhabit them; but as father Kronhelm says, nature will break out some time or another. I remember the father said that once in the pulpit, when he had been just detected in a love-affair with a farmer's

wife, and the congregation tittered, and the father waxed very wroth—shall I tell Mein Herr how the father was caught?—you must know that——”

“I should rather you would defer any information with respect to the father’s delinquency, till you have done with the count,” said Edward.

“Well, Mein Herr, the count appeared for some time after he came to man’s estate, to be in all respects blameless; he was very good to the poor, and indulgent to his vassals and domestics; but nevertheless he was always of a melancholy cast, like the rest of his family, and subject to long fits of ob-ob-obstruction, yes, I think that was what the gentlefolk used to call his fits. Sometimes he used, while in these fits, to stop short in the middle of a discourse, and forget what he had been speaking about; sometimes he would order timber to be felled in the park, and when he saw it lying the next day, would complain that his bailiff was evermore destroying the beauty of his grounds, and would not be

satisfied while there was a stick left for shelter or ornament; and he scarcely ever saw company without coming down to them with the wrong side of his doublet outwards, unless his valet happened luckily to be in the room when he was dressing. I very well remember one day I was working in the garden of the castle—I was then quite a youth. Mein Herr must know, that a great part of the castle was then habitable, and the count, who had many estates in different parts of Germany, preferred Sindensbosch to any of them. He used to praise the dark walks in the woods, and the thick walls and narrow windows, and the extensive vaults, and say, that they were friendly to solemn thought; the vaults, indeed, were once likely enough to be friendly to his thoughts, if to give them rest might be friendship, for wandering among them one day, a part of the roof of one of them, into which he had entered, fell in, and blocked up the entrance, and he was fixed there, like a rat in a trap, for twelve hours, till the servants, at length,

having hunted through the place with torches, heard him talking, as he was often used to do, to himself. When they removed the stones and rubbish with pick-axes and shovels, they found him sitting quietly on another fragment of the roof that had fallen farther in, and he seemed quite unconscious of how long he had been shut up, for he asked them if the dinner was spoiled ?

“ Well, as I was saying, I was one day working in the garden, and the count was walking gently up and down, pushing a cane through a row of glass bells, that had been bought at a great expence to cover some Dutch carnations, according as he came to them. ‘ Gasper,’ said the old gardener Ludwig, ‘ look, the count is in one of his fits of obstruction ; he has been going on very smoothly as yet, but if I don’t mistake much, we shall have the old doings again at the castle ere long.’ Ludwig, Mein Herr, was a sharp, deep old man ; he died shortly after this, God be good to him ! he came by his death in a

strange manner enough ; shall I tell Mein Herr the manner of it ?”

“ No, no, go on with the count.”

“ Well, well, I shall have to tell it in its right place. Well, sure enough, Mein Herr, as Ludwig said, so it turned out. The count married an amiable lady, and for the short time she lived with him, he seemed quite another man ; he scarcely ever, when she was present, got into his fits of obstruction, and he was so attentive and kind and anxious about her, he seemed to think of nothing else ; and she deserved all his fondness, for she was very good to the poor, and all the people about her, and was as fond of him as he was of her ; and if he got melancholy, she used to tap his cheek and smile, and then he used to smile too ; he never broke any carnation bells while she was alive. Well, to make a long story short, she died in childbirth of her first child, and the child died also, and then the count became more melancholy than ever, and spent his whole time wandering in the woods, or riding through the country at full speed,

without seeming to know where he was, or what he was doing. After he had broken down two of his best horses at this exercise, he took it into his head to leave the castle. He was absent about a year, and when he returned, he brought with him two visitors ; the name of one of them was Meister, a man who has been since engaged in trade in the city ; that of the other, Walmer."

"Was that Bernard Meister, that lived near the arsenal?"

"The same."

It was the father of Luise, and that circumstance stimulated Edward's curiosity.

"Meister was a harmless, well-meaning man enough, I believe, if he had been left to himself, or in good company ; but that Walmer—God be good to me ! I think I see him by me now, when I call to mind the first time I saw him at the castle. I was working as usual with old Ludwig in the garden, and happening to kneel down, to earth up the root of a jonquil—it was a beautiful jonquil, that the poor countess

had got in an extraordinary manner, and I loved to take care of it for her sake, for she was a very good lady, and very kind and indulgent to all the people that worked about the castle: shall I tell Mein Herr the manner in which the countess got the jonquil?"

"It will be time enough after you have finished about Walmer and the count."

"Well, as I was stooping and gathering up the earth about the stem, I thought Ludwig came behind me, to see if I was doing it right, for he loved the jonquil for his lady's sake too; and I began to ask him what he thought about the new visitors at the castle, still keeping my eye upon my work: 'that Walmer's a strange-looking kind of a man,' continued I, not waiting for an answer.—'What is there strange in him?' said a hollow voice, that made every limb of me quiver. It was some time before I could venture to look up, and there it was Walmer himself; he was a tall, bony man, with a long face, bushy eyebrows, and dark eyes—oh Lord! such a man, and such

eyes, I never saw such a man and such eyes before or since, though whenever I talk of him, I think I see him—Stop, what's that moving under that linden tree, that stands by itself at a little distance from the clump? Oh, I see now; the shadow of that other outside tree of the clump deceived me, as it moved with the wind. Did Mein Herr ever see any thing more like large eyes, such as ghosts are said to have, than those two places near one another, made by the moonlight passing through the leaves?"

"What with your fears, and your desire of telling every thing that ever happened to yourself or any one else, I think," said Edward, rather peevishly, "this history of the count is likely to last till Doomsday."

"I never lived any where," replied Gasper, in dudgeon, "but I was allowed by all the neighbours to be the best hand at a story for miles about; as for a song, indeed, I never could do much; none of our family ever could sing, except my grandmother, and she died last Christmas, God be good to her! it would do your heart good,

Mein Herr, to have heard her sing 'The red cross knight and the lady fair,' or, 'Poor Gertrude died for love, they say:' Lord! I have listened to her, after I have gone to bed, singing 'poor Gertrude,' while she spun by the fire of a winter's night, and cried just as though I had broken the girl's heart myself, and when I slept, I have dreamt of her; oh dear, those were pleasant times! My grandmother, however, could never teach me to sing; I believe, for my part, people must have a natural call to these things: I remember the Herr Magister of our town, when I used to go to school to him, first tried to flog me into learning, but when he found he could do nothing with me, he gave me up, and used to pat me on the head, and say some words which one of the scholars said were Latin, and meant as much as that a Merry Cur couldn't be made out of every block of wood; God knows, I was always a merry cur enough; but be that as it may, my grandmother could never make me sing, nor the Magister learn; but as for a story,

I was always famous for that ; why, I have kept a whole field of reapers for an hour at a time, standing with their mouths open, and not putting a sickle to the ground, while I told about ' The green dwarf and the damsel with the golden slippers.'"

" Of that I have no doubt," said Edward ; " those who are satisfied to take a story from thy mouth, don't get off at a slight expence of time."

" What's that, Mein Herr ?"

" Nothing, nothing."

Edward now hopeless that the grandmother, whose vocal powers had made such an impression on his companion's ear, and the schoolmaster, whose birch had failed to make any impression on his brain, would yield the stage to the count for a long period, once more resigned himself to his own thoughts ; but Gasper, after having established, as he thought, beyond all dispute, his reputation as a skilful chronicler, again struck into his narrative.

" Well, Mein Herr, when I did look up at that terrible man, if indeed he was a man,

for to say the truth, my mind is not very settled on that point, I thought I should have fainted ; his eye was fixed full on me, and, Lord ! I could no more bear to look on it, than an owl can bear to look at the noonday sun. ‘ Where,’ said he, ‘ did you learn that it was the duty of a servant to make remarks on his master’s friends ?’ I stammered some reply, I don’t know what ; and after he had walked about for some time in the garden, talking to himself, he went in. Meanwhile, I had been working with great diligence, though I felt as weak as water, and I now rose to take breath. I was standing thinking about the terrible-looking man, when I heard a low voice call ‘ Gasper,’ at a slight distance behind me. I turned about ; it was Ludwig, who seemed to be very busily employed pruning a cherry-tree, but who had made that a pretence for coming over near where I was to speak to me, for he was afraid if Walmer saw him out of one of the castle windows, he would think we were talking about him. He was as pale as a sheet, and trembling

like myself—‘Gasper,’ said he, ‘what do you think of that man?’—‘Think of him!’ said I; ‘why, that I wouldn’t, for the count’s estate, be alone in a wood with him, and he a dagger in his hand, after having offended him.’—‘Gasper,’ again said he, ‘I am now eighty years of age gone Michaelmas, and I have been working in these gardens sixty years of that time, and the day I first came to work in them, that man was walking in them with the count’s grandfather, that is, the late count’s father; what age would you take him to be?’—‘Almost forty.’—‘I took him then to be about forty. Lord save us! (the sweat was pouring off him, and he looked paler and paler) Lord save us! I saw enough of his doings then, I shouldn’t wish to see any more of them.’ Ludwig, Mein Herr, had his wish, for he sickened that night when he went home, and died about a week afterwards. I was very curious to know what he could say of Walmer, and while he was sick, I used to be with him a good deal, and often, when he was pretty easy, used to hint to

him what I wished. At length he seemed inclined to gratify my curiosity, one evening that he felt himself better, and began to think he might recover, for before that, from the time he saw Walmer, he had thought he should surely die. Oh, Mein Herr, what I am now going to tell you makes, when I think on't, my flesh creep, and the hair stand on my head.

“It was a fine summer evening when Ludwig said he would tell me all he knew, if I dared to hear it; the sun was just setting, but he was so long settling himself in an easy posture, and getting over a fit of coughing with which he was seized, that it was dark before he began; but though it was dark, the moon was at the full; she wasn't high up, and she shone full in at the window with a strong light, marking the casement the whole length of the room across the bed; oh dear, I shall remember that night the longest day I have to live: there was a fine myrtle that the countess had given Ludwig, standing in a pot

on the window-stool, and there was a young calf in the green plat before the house, and Ludwig had just began—"You must know, count Reginald met this Walmer one day in a dark wood."—"In a dark wood!" I repeated inwardly, and my heart was up to my mouth, and I held my breath, waiting for what would follow, when Ludwig cried faintly—"See, see!" I started, and shook like a leaf, but he pointed to the window and cried—"See the calf, the myrtle!" Then I looked too, Mein Herr, for at first I had hid my face, and I saw, sure enough, the calf eating the myrtle. So, Mein Herr, I ran out to drive away the calf—it was a very fine calf, it was out of a cow that Ludwig bought from my grandmother, that she had reared herself; my grandmother was a great hand at rearing calves, she used to say——"

"Would to Heaven," muttered Edward, "the old gentlewoman had made her first essay on one of the Thracian monarch's breed, and that it had rewarded her care by

eating her, then my patience would have been saved the severest trial ever it sustained."

"What's that, Mein Herr, about Nessian monks? some of them are said to work miracles, though all the miracle ever I knew them work was getting children, and that, God help the while, is no miracle, as I know to my cost: my grandmother used to say——"

"Damn your grandmother!" exclaimed Edward, losing all patience; "I wish from my soul you were with her in the Red Sea."

"Well, Mein Herr," said Gasper, at once frightened and vexed, "I wouldn't damn your grandmother, though I doubt much if she knew how to rear calves as well as mine; however, if you don't choose to hear how she used to rear them, that's your loss, and not mine."

"I prithee," said Edward, sorry for the pain he had given, "pardon the impatience you excited, and do go on with your story in a strait forward manner, if you can."

“ Well, Mein Herr, I drove away the calf, and as I was coming in through the kitchen, I looked fearfully about me, for I was still frightened, though it turned out to be nothing but the calf; while I was looking about, I thought I heard something rustle, and I ran to the door of Ludwig's room, before I dared look to see what it was; then I turned about, but I could hear nothing but the clucking of the chickens going to roost, and the sighing of the wind in the myrtle that waved gently across the window. Well, I sat down again by the bedside, and Ludwig began—‘ Count Reginald met this Walmer one day in a dark wood.—‘ In a dark wood !’ repeated I—suddenly we heard a rustling in the room, and Ludwig stopt and listened, and about a minute afterwards, pointed to a corner where a chair used to stand, in which his wife used to sit, when she was alive, God rest her soul ! The moon was now full on his face, and he looked so ghostly and so terrified, oh Lord, I shall never forget how he looked, and I looked at the chair too, and who do you

think was sitting in it? (his teeth chattered) why, Walmer himself—there he was, looking Ludwig, who couldn't take his eyes off him, full in the face, with his hands and chin resting on his cane. He got up and came to the bedside, and Ludwig roared—it would surprise you to hear how loud he roared, and he so weak, and I fell on my knees and roared too, for I seemed as if I had no power to go away, and when I heard his voice at the foot of the bed, I prayed him to have mercy on me. I thought he began to speak in a quiet tone of voice, but Ludwig and I still roared, and when at last I ventured to lift up my head, he was gone, and Ludwig had fainted. Luckily the woman who nursed Ludwig, and who had been away about some business at her own cottage, came in a little after, or the poor old man must have died, for I was utterly unable to assist him, I was so frightened. We soon recovered him, by throwing cold water in his face and pinching him; but he relapsed five times, as fast as we recovered him, till the bed was all in

a sea, and his arms and sides, I believe, were black and blue, for both the nurse and I liked the poor old man, and didn't mind what trouble it cost us to bring him round; besides, I hadn't heard yet about Walmer. Well, at last he was able to speak, and asked for a drink, and then—"Gasper," said he, "you see now yourself what this man can do;" and sure enough I did, for it was as Ludwig and I both suspected; when I inquired the next day at the castle, I found that he hadn't been from it the whole evening.

"Well, Mein Herr, I didn't know how in the world I was to get home from Ludwig's, for I had a dark wood to pass to where my grandmother lived, for I lived with her; she reared me; that grandmother, I mean, that had such a name for rearing calves; her calves and her asses too were reckoned the finest in the whole country."

"The old woman's skill in rearing calves and asses, I see plain enough, will cost me my reason before I have done with her," muttered Edward, in great agony of spirit.

" Well, Mein Herr, I couldn't help saying to myself whenever I thought of going home, ' he met Walmer in a dark wood ; ' and at length I determined to sit up in Ludwig's house all night ; but the nurse wouldn't let me. I afterwards found, Mein Herr," continued he, looking sly, " that there were good reasons for that ; but be that as it may, she couldn't get me to stir an inch, till she offered to go with me part of the way. So off I set at last, holding her with one hand, and carrying a pair of tongs with a coal in the other, for my grandmother often told me that that was a good way to keep off evil things at night ; so we got safe to the middle of the wood I told you of, and then the nurse, who was a wicked jade, and loved to teaze people, cried—' What if Walmer should pop out of that bush ? '—' Oh, for the Lord's sake,' said I, trembling, ' don't say such things ! ' and just at that moment the moon went behind a cloud, and the wind rose and shook the bush, and I was so frightened, that I let drop the faggot. I let go the

nurse's hand in order to pick it up, and having done so, repeating still, 'he met Walmer in a dark wood,' I put out my hand again, to take hold of hers, and caught hold of—oh Lord, deliver me! I freeze when I think of it—of Walmer's, or that of his fetch.

"The nurse was no where to be seen; I thought I should have died. I fell on my face again and roared, expecting every minute to be carried away in a fiery whirlwind, or to feel the earth opening under me; but at length finding I was taking no harm, I ventured to lift up my eyes, and there was nothing near me, though I smelt a strong smell of sulphur. The moon had shone out again, and I looked about; but there was nothing to be seen but the trees and bushes, as it might be those trees and bushes; but I didn't stay long to examine, but taking to my heels, ran off as fast as my legs could carry me, and bursting open the door of our house as soon as I reached it, made the best of my way into my grandmother's room, and got to bed to

her. There I lay shivering and shaking like an aspen leaf, and it was ever so long before I could tell what had happened to me; when I did get it out at last, 'Poor fellow,' said my grandmother, 'what you have gone through! well, well, get up and fasten the door, and we'll consult the fairy doctor in the morning, to know what's the best way of preventing any ill consequences from what has happened.'—'Get up and fasten the door!' said I; 'not to be made pope of Rome; do you think I have lost my senses?' So the old woman and I had a sharp dispute, with our heads under the clothes, for she didn't like to go either, nor yet did she like the door to be open all night; she had the rheumatism, and she was afraid also that the pigs might come in and eat a cake she had set by the fire to get leavened, so at last we agreed to go together.

"Well, Ludwig died the next day, and sure enough, as he had conjectured, strange doings soon began at the castle. The

count and his companions were the talk of the whole country, and every one shunned the castle, except such as got a living there; and even many of these refused to continue, and sought a livelihood elsewhere, for though the count still continued a very kind and indulgent master, nevertheless fear often got the better of every other consideration. Oh, Mein Herr! it's very little matter how a man behaves to the living, who won't let the dead rest quiet in their coffins.

"But stop a moment; are we going the right way? oh yes, I think I know that old blasted hawthorn, and so I ought, there was a raven croaking on it the last time I passed this way; 'oh,' said I to myself, 'you bode no good luck;' and as I said, sure enough so it turned out, for such a day of misventures as I spent, I never spent before in my life; shall I tell Mein Herr all that happened me that day?"

"Oh no, Gasper, I'll imagine it all; it was no doubt very bad; I should rather,

for the present, hear something more about the count : was there any proof that he was engaged in evil practices ?”

“ Aye, aye, proof enough ; but it wasn’t long after when he was taken up for a conspiracy against the government, for you must know, that one reason why he employed Walmer was, to recover, by his assistance, the rule of the country, which he maintained belonged to Geoffry, and of course was his by right of inheritance.”

“ Then, I suppose, he died, and ther ends his history.”

“ Oh no, he didn’t die then, nor twice afterwards ; he escaped three times, no one knew how, and it was thought that baron Walstein killed him the fourth, for fear he should escape then also. No doubt Walmer helped him out ; one time he was put into gaol with him, and they were both gone the next day. Rumours were spread abroad, indeed, that the baron was himself engaged in the conspiracy, and that he had the count murdered to prevent him telling tales ; but it was more generally be-

lieved that it was the fear of Walmer's again releasing him that caused him to do it."

"But I should like to hear some of the proofs," said Edward, "of the count and Walmer's having been addicted to necromantic practices."

"Some people," muttered Gasper, "can't believe the simplest thing in the world, although their grandmother were to rise out of the grave to assure them of it; I thank Heaven I'm not so hard of belief; my grandmother never told me any thing when she was living, but I believed her; why, Mein Herr," continued he, raising his voice, "haven't I given you already good proof of what Walmer could do?"

"You have given me no proof that he was any thing but a friend of the count's. Ludwig might have mistaken him for some other person, and the valet who told you he had not left the castle the night he frightened you so much, might have wished to amuse himself at your expence."

"Why, true," replied Gasper; "a *might*

will do every thing; I might have been dreaming, though my grandmother, God rest her soul! would tell you, if she was here now, that I was wide awake when I got into bed to her. To be sure, there were some people at the time, who were much of Mein Herr's kidney in point of believing, who said that Walmer had come to see Ludwig, and given him some physic, and that he had taken a fancy to the nurse, who was a buxom, middle-aged widow, and that he had frightened me in the wood to make sport for her; but these are such out-of-the-way assertions; besides, I knew very well a man whom the nurse was fond of, and had no doubt, when she wouldn't let me stay, that she meant him to keep her company in the night; his name was Ulrich Lebrecht, and he was as likely a young fellow as you could see of a summer's day, and it's not reasonable to suppose that she would take a magician in his place, whom, to my certain knowledge, she often told Ulrich she had a horror of; but be that as it

may, I could tell Mein Herr such things as no *might* in the world could stand godfather for, but—why, Mein Herr, no one doubted the thing; every one had seen something to convince them, or what's the same thing, had heard of something having been seen by another."

"I am unconvinced," said Edward, wishing to provoke a discovery he seemed half inclined, half averse, to make.

"Well, then, if I must say it, I must; I myself, with these two eyes, have seen things, the very mention of which would make your hair stand on end; now, then, do you believe?"

"I believe they might make *your* hair stand on end, and possibly send you to bed to your grandmother."

"Oh, for the matter of that, meeting Walmer in a dark wood might send any man to bed to his grandmother; why, my grandmother herself was frightened, and long as she had lived in the world, and as many stories as she could tell, and songs as she could sing, about false-hearted lovers

meeting the ghosts of girls that had hanged themselves for their sakes, and sinking in flames of fire, and such like, she said she never heard of any thing so terrible in her life; I wish Mein Herr could but have seen Walmer."

"It's not very likely I ever shall see him; and as I am not likely to hear any more of him from you, I suppose I have done with him."

"Why, (hesitating) I could tell, and I could shew too; but what would be the use? if Walmer was to stand there now before Mein Herr in the shape of a bear or a black cat, or any other terrible thing, he wouldn't believe his own senses."

A pause ensued, during which Gasper seemed very uneasy, and struggling with himself; but at last, as they passed through an open in the wood, and the moon shone full in their faces, he suddenly flung open his cloak and doublet, and exhibiting his bare breast, asked his fellow-traveller if he would now believe?

Edward looked, and perceived the mark

of a hand under his left nipple, more distinct than if a hot iron brand, in the shape of one, had been impressed upon his flesh—every line, hollow, and prominence, was clearly marked.

While, having stopped, he was attentively examining it, a low noise was heard to proceed from a thorn-brake to the left.

Gaspar started, and buttoned up his garments in great haste and trepidation; and was about to pursue his usual course of proceeding on such occasions, namely, speedy flight, but observing that his companion remained stationary, he chose rather to remain in the scene of danger than fly alone.

Edward advanced a few steps towards the brake, notwithstanding his earnest remonstrances, and listened; all was still, and he was about to turn his horse's head, when he thought he could perceive, at the edge of the shade formed by a row of cypress and pine, through which they had passed, a motion distinct from that of the gentle agitation caused by the wind, whose

low breath lightly waved their summits. As he looked more attentively, he was more confirmed in his conjecture, a shade first slightly emerging from that of the trees, and sometimes retiring within it; it passed along in this manner to the extremity, and then suddenly throwing a figure that resembled that of a man wrapt in a long cloak, across a small space of ground that was free from trees, as suddenly disappeared in the depths of the woods beyond.

This phenomenon had escaped the observation of Gasper, and Edward was afraid of the inconvenience that his fears would create, if he were to mention it.

While he stood musing, and apprehensive that his pursuers had, by what means he was at a loss to conjecture, discovered his route and overtaken him, a deep groan issued from the brake from which the former sound had proceeded.

It now struck him that the shadow was that of some bandit, who had robbed and wounded a traveller, whose expiring moans now assailed his ear. Full of this notion,

he sprung from his horse, and flung himself into the thicket, spite of the supplications of Gasper, who answered his question, whether he would leave a fellow-creature to a painful and lingering death, when it was possible his life might be saved, by a desire to know whether any one else's life was as precious to them as their own?

He searched and researched every part of the thicket, but nothing was to be seen; and he was compelled, with whatsoever reluctance, to proceed without gratifying either his benevolence or his curiosity; but this was not till he had listened several minutes for a repetition of the groan. It was not, however, repeated, though the atmosphere was so still, and the place so lonely, that every leaf was heard as it rustled in the soft breeze, and the sound of a village clock striking the hour came from an immense distance over the woods.

"Gasper," said Edward, as they rode on, "though nothing you have said has moved me much to wonder, what you have shewed me has rather surprised me, for doubtless

you could not have received such a mark without knowing the cause of it, and by your manner, I am to presume that it was no common or natural cause."

"Ho! ho!" cried Gasper in triumph; "have I conquered Mein Herr's unbelief at last? My grandmother, God rest her soul! used to say, that there was nothing in the world worse than to be too hard of belief; for what, she used to say, did God give us reason for, if we were to believe nothing but what we saw? why, the very beasts that perish believed as much as that; she herself used to believe every thing she heard, and so much did she esteem those that were like her in that respect, that she used always to measure her alms according to the belief of the beggars that used to come sometimes through our village. I knew her once give half a cheese to an old man with a long grey beard, who believed that she had seen the ghost of the third cousin of her aunt's stepmother, and though she had been always wavering a little about

this herself before, and it was the only thing of the kind I ever knew her waver about, she never afterwards had the least doubt that it was a very ghost she had seen. Well, Mein Herr, since you do believe now, I would willingly tell you how I came by this hand, but——”

“ But what ? ”

“ I was out of my senses, as I have been told, for a year after I got the hand,” said Gasper, in a low voice.

“ Well, and is that any reason why you shouldn't tell me how you got it ? ”

“ Lord, no ! I didn't mean that, you are so hasty ; but—but——”

“ Well, well, I find we are to have nothing but buts to the end of the chapter.”

“ Why, to say the truth, I have always kept the thing very secret ; I never, as I hope to live, told it to more than sixteen persons in my life—stay, I am a liar ; I did to seventeen ; aye, let me see, seventeen, and I swore them every one never to say a word about it. My grandmother, God rest her soul ! was one—Hans Schwartz, the

Blacksmith's son of our village, was another—his sister Hamhen was another, and I wouldn't have told it to that jade, but that I was courting her at the time; but she jilted me, the slut; shall I tell Mein Herr how she jilted me?"

"No, not now; but methinks I shall be as well able to keep the matter a secret as those persons you have mentioned, or probably as any others you have reposed confidence in."

"Oh, but—but—Mein Herr, I never told it but I had some terrible misfortune happen me; one time I lost a sheep, another a pig, another a cow; it was just after I told it to Hamhen Schwartz that she jilted me; and the very last time, though I hadn't said a word about it for months before, my poor grandmother sickened of her last sickness a few days after, though she was as healthy a woman of eighty-seven as you would find any where; nevertheless, if Mein Herr will promise never to say a word about it——"

"Oh, that I do most solemnly."

“Well, then,” said Gasper, reducing his voice to a still lower tone than that in which he had hitherto spoken, and casting many timid glances round on the bushes and trees, “it was on the All Saint’s eve after this Walmer came to the castle, that I was sitting in Hans Sorben the miller’s cottage with a number of other young people; it happened to be of a Saturday, and I had been helping the miller to get in his hay; I used to give him a day’s work every now and then, in return for his grinding my grandmother’s corn. We were all sitting round a blazing fire, eating apples and cracking nuts, and drinking ale and telling stories, and as merry as you please—that’s in the way of us countryfolk, you know, Mein Herr, when one of the lads that worked in the mill came in, and said that they had begun in the castle. You must know, that one of the things that attracted the attention of the people most, was a light appearing every Saturday night in the chapel-window, that you said, a while ago, you were shewn from the road, and no one

knew, though every one suspected, what it was there for; for at a certain hour, when it grew particularly bright, the habitable part of the building was all locked up, so that none of the count's old servants could get out to get a peep through the window—oh dear! it's I may say they were happy in that respect—and other servants, that were supposed to be imps of Walmer in human shape, and that had come with him to the castle, were posted as so many sentinels all about the lawn and courts.

“ Well, when the lad said that they had began at the castle, we all ran to the door, and, sure enough, there was the window all in a blaze of light, the river was all bright and sparkling with it, and we could almost distinguish the figures with which it was painted, for the glass wasn't broke then, and it was red, and blue, and yellow, and a hundred other colours, so beautiful, you can't think, and we could see every now and then shadows flitting across it, which some said were owls, but the miller laugh-

ed at them, and said they were devils; we couldn't well discern whether they were inside or out.

"It was blowing pretty fresh, and every now and then a strong gust swept through the trees, making them bend and crack, and raised the spray in showers out of the mill-pond, and we thought sometimes we heard shrieks mingled with its howling, and sometimes sweet music; some said this was only fancy, but the miller, who knew better, for he was a man of much learning for one of his station in life, said they were the shrieks and songs of spirits, for he had often listened to them when he was a boy, and used to lie out on heaths and in woods of summer nights, tending his father's sheep, till he had become so familiar with them, that he could almost tell which was which.

"We all said the miller was in the right, and as the wind was cold, we went in to the fire; but Lord! I don't know how it was, all our mirth was gone; some one, every now and then, put his head out of

the door, to see how the light was going on, and others began to conjecture what the count was at; and others, again, were telling stories about ghosts, and murders, and witches. At last, when it was getting pretty latish, two nephews of the miller, who were at best headstrong wild boys, and had been drinking ale till they were pretty well in for it, got whispering together, and at last said they were determined to go and see what was a doing at the castle. The rest of the boys stared, and the girls screamed, and for my part, my hair stood on end with horror at the thought. The miller advised them by no means to do any such thing, and told us a terrible story of a stripling who had once looked in through the keyhole of a witch's cottage when she was raising a spirit; but all was in vain—go they would.

“Well, Mein Herr, I was in a terrible quandary, for one of them had promised to go home with me to my grandmother's, and if it hadn't been for that, nothing in the world would have tempted me to stay

after sunset, but now I hadn't the least hope of ever seeing either of them again.

"What was now to be done; I knew the miller, who was a particular kind of man, wouldn't let me sit up in his house all night; I was however obliged to determine suddenly on what course I was to pursue, for the boys were on the move, and as they were to go the most lonesome part of my way, I thought it would be best for me to go that far along with them, and then get home to my grandmother as well as I could; poor old woman! she couldn't have been easy in her mind if she knew the taking I was in.

"Well, Mein Herr, to make a long story short, out I went with my two venturesome blades, and before we went far, I found that the courage of one of them, at least, was cooling, for I had fast hold of his arm, and he trembled almost as much as myself. I whispered to him, so as the other mightn't hear, that he had better go home with me; that my grandmother's bed was large, and would hold us all very well for one night; but he bridled up and seemed offended, ask-

ing me did I think he was afraid? and he tried not to tremble; but that was all in vain.—‘Afraid!’ said I, ‘oh, I know you’re not afraid, but only I think the ale’s getting a little out of your head, and you are better able to see what a mad scheme you are on.’

“We were now come to the turn of the road where I was to separate from them, and I was about to strike into it with a heavy heart, when the lad of whose arm I had a hold asked me if I didn’t see any thing? The lane was bordered by a row of willows, and the stars were shining very bright, and sure enough, as I looked along the willows, I perceived, standing under one of them, the branches of which stretched almost across the lane, a tall figure wrapt up in a riding-cloak; he looked so tall—so tall—I can’t tell you how tall he looked. I had now some thoughts of returning to the miller’s, but as I cast my eye back, Lord save us! just such another tall man was coming after us, at a great pace. There was only one road open to us now, that

which led to the castle, and on this we took to our heels, not daring to look back till we had ran a considerable distance. We at last stopped to listen; we thought we heard steps, but they were a good way off, and we agreed to hide ourselves on a corn-stack that was in a field next the road, the top of which had been taken home with a piece of another stack in the morning, and on which the sheaves were lying loose and tumbled.

“ Well, we got up on it, and covered ourselves with the sheaves, and lay as still as mice till we heard the steps draw nearer and nearer, and by-and-by some persons passed, talking in a low but earnest manner; we could plainly hear one of them say to another,—‘ I never saw any thing so dreadful as it was last Saturday night; I almost wish I had never engaged in any thing of the kind.’

“ You may be sure, that if I thought with horror of the castle before, this did not change that horror into a desire to approach it; nevertheless, when the boldest

of the two associates in this mad vagary, from whose brains, I suppose, the fumes of the ale had not as yet altogether escaped, expressed a firm determination to go on, and the other was ashamed to quit him, I, sooner than run the risk of seeing more tall men, wrapt up in long cloaks, and that when I was by myself, resolved to go along with them : I was like a rat that had got half way into a trap, and repented ; I never expected to return the same way, but when I thought of drawing back, the stings of present fear pricked me so severely, that on I was obliged to go.

“ Well, we went quietly and cautiously on, now creeping through a hedge, and now climbing a gate or a wall, until we got under the very tree that stood before the chapel window.

“ There a dispute began as to who should climb it first, for the courage even of the most venturous of the two chaps seemed not quite so warm as it was, so he proposed that we should draw lots, which we did thus—we cut three small bits of spray from

the tree, and one held them in his hand, while the two others drew out one each, and whoever got the longest was to go up first; there's another way of drawing lots in use in our country, that my grandmother used to say was a fairer way—they take.——”

“ Pray,” said Edward, “ never mind it at present; if your grandmother said it was the fairest way, it undoubtedly was so; do go on with the adventures of the chapel; whether your mountain is to bring forth a mouse, as I suspect it is, or something worth hearing, you have contrived to raise my curiosity to a degree that makes me dread your grandmother as much as you would if she stood before you now, dressed in her last suit, and breathing flames.”

“ Oh, for the Lord's sake,” said Gasper, “ don't say such things! I trust and hope the poor old woman's better employed than to come here on any errand; there's no reason she should walk; she never did any harm to any living thing, except it might be that she now and then cut off the

head of a goose or a turkey, and she didn't do that till she had fed them many a long day out of her apron with good barley-meal—I'm a liar—I recollect once she gave me a woundy threshing with the pot-stick ; it was the only time I ever remember seeing her in a passion : you must know, Mein Herr, that she set me to watch the pigs, and keep them out of the garden, and I——”

“ I pray Heaven,” cried Edward, “ that as she threshed you with a pot-stick when living, doubtless for good and sufficient cause, that so she may extend her care to you now from the grave, that rising thence in some dark and lonely hour, she may scour your windpipe with a hedgehog's hide, or pierce your tongue with one of Satan's own toothpicks, and thus save you from the limbo that awaits all babbling fools !”

Gasper looked astonished, and crossed himself several times, but said nothing ; then after a silence of a few minutes he proceeded—“ Well, Mein Herr, the lot fell to me to go up first, but I positively

refused. The stoutest lad then said he would take my place; but finding that in that case the other would keep his own, of second, and that so I must be left last on the ground alone, not knowing how many of Walmer's imps were in invisible shapes about me, I thought it best to go up in my own turn, and, sure enough, up I went.

"I forgot to tell you, Mein Herr, that o' nights when the window was lighted, that the light used sometimes to disappear for several minutes, and then blaze up, as it were, in an instant, ten times brighter than before; now it happened, that as we got to the tree, it was one of those times, so that when I climbed up, I could see nothing, only I heard a noise, sometimes like the rumbling of a cart, sometimes like the shrieks of people in terror, sometimes like the groans of the dying—oh, I was so frightened; if I had been master of the whole world that moment, I would have given it to be in bed with my grandmother: God rest her soul! how did she take on when, a year afterwards, I got out of the

madhouse, and told her all that had happened to me ! she cried for two days and two nights; and when I bid her be comforted, for it was all over long ago, and I was as well as ever, she used to say that it was no reason, if I had escaped from the clutches of the devil, that she shouldn't cry, for she had never known my grandfather, God rest his soul ! cry so much in all his life, as once when she had a narrow escape of being drowned."

"Was the old lady as much addicted to prating as you are?" asked Edward.

"Lord love you ! her tongue never lay still a moment."

"At that rate, I can't much blame the poor man's grief; his misfortune might have been a common one enough, but it was certainly a very severe one."

These words were uttered in a tone that served with Gasper as a check to his love of digression, notwithstanding their more obvious meaning, which was all he ever dreamt of attaching to them.

"Aye, it was a severe one," said he ;

"but as I was saying, there was nothing to be seen in the chapel, when I got into the tree; all was as dark as pitch: one of my comrades, who was to get up second, now began to climb; but when he was up about half way the stem, he suddenly slid down. 'Anton,' said I, in a low voice, 'have you hurt yourself?'—'Hist, hist!' answered he; 'don't say a word.' I then saw both looking attentively in the same direction; a little after I heard a footfall at no great distance, and presently both took to their heels, as if the devil was after them.

"I can't tell Mein Herr how I felt; I hadn't power to make any effort to get down and follow them, and before I could recover myself sufficiently to do so, there was one of the men we had seen on the road, or some one in the same kind of dress, pacing back and forwards under me; sometimes, leaning against the trunk of the very tree on which I was, he hummed a tune—doubtless it was a hymn to the god he served, and sometimes he scratched the bark with a short hunting-spear he held in

his hand. At length he said in a low voice—'Would to Heaven I had never seen a book! I should then have been contented in the station in which it pleased Heaven to place me—would I had never engaged in projects so full of doubt and anxiety, and danger!—would I were now quietly seated in my poor mother's cottage, amidst the Silesian hills!'

'Would to Heaven!' thought I, 'you were in the mansion of your father Beelzebub!' Just as I had uttered the word Beelzebub, Mein Herr, the noise which I had heard when I first got up in the tree, and which had stopt a little afterwards, began again, but a great deal louder; in an instant the whole chapel was filled with a blaze of light, and oh, Mein Herr, Mein Herr, (he seemed terribly agitated) I saw—ah, you damned jade! I thought you wouldn't go your journey all out without playing some of your old pranks."

While Gasper was uttering these last words, he was performing, apparently, a

very agile summerset, for he had been speaking with so much emotion, that he had let the bridle fall on his horse's neck, and this being an animal that required the constant aid of that instrument to prevent the frequent genuflections to which it was addicted, had now taken advantage of a temporary remission to come suddenly to the ground, sending the rider, who was not just then thinking of such a casualty, though he generally had his mind pretty closely applied to it, clear over its head.

CHAP. IV.

But hark ! what more than mortal sound
Steals on attention's raptur'd ear ?
The voice of harmony around
Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
Sweep from the string with touch profane ?
Can human lip, with breath divine,
Pour on the gale so sweet a strain ? CARTWRIGHT.

GASPER lay stunned for a few seconds with his fall, and when he rose, complained of having sprained his ankle ; but this was not his only misfortune, for on looking about him, he protested roundly that they were come out of their way, for it was impossible he ever could have been in that place before. The features of the landscape, indeed, were too bold and remarkable to have been easily forgotten ; the cliffs still impended to the right, but the

woods opening to the left embraced in their bosom a wide expanse of waters, whose surface was sometimes varied with woody islets, and sometimes broken by dark and barren rocks, against the rugged sides of which the low ripple of the waters was heard, though at a great distance, amidst the lone silence of the night. The banks in some places rose abrupt, broken, and rocky, from a beach white with drifted pebbles; in others, the sward descended to the water's edge, and the aged oak sent forth its giant shadow into a flood of agitated light. On the left, a spacious bay retired into the woodlands, its farthest boundary concealed in impenetrable shade, while the farthest extremity of the curvature stretched forward in a bold promontory, on the extremity of which, the ruins of a castle or monastery reared its grey and mouldering masses into light.

The isthmus thus formed was narrow, and beyond it the waters again met the eye, flashing and sparkling beneath the cloudless moon; at the extremity, the land

rose in quiet majesty, wood rising above wood in every variety of tuft and cone, as the evergreen or deciduous tribe of forest-trees predominated, till as it seemed almost to touch the wide blue star-strewn vault, the power of vegetation occasionally failing, sometimes rugged and precipitous heights, but more frequently an undulating line of pastured hillocks, rose as from a leafy cincture.

At the extremity of the lake at which the travellers were placed, a narrow green sward, thinly scattered with aged forest-trees, formed its shore for some distance on either hand. The road where the accident happened to Gasper touched on its curvature, and Edward observing that a convenient seat was formed by the trunk of a tree that had been recently felled, and lay across that of another that was standing, proposed that he should rest for a while on it, and try to obtain relief by rubbing the injured limb.

Gasper agreed to the expediency of this measure, and hobbling over, let his horse

graze while he stript and examined his foot.

While he was thus occupied, Edward, reclined against the tree, gazed wistfully on the beauty of the scene before him ; it filled his heart with sorrow, for there was a time when he might have enjoyed such scenes, and would not, and now he could not. There was a lovely moon hung high in the cloudless heavens, and there were blue sparkling waters, and the silent majesty of woods and rocks, and headland heights, and the sigh of the summer breeze filling the multitude of boughs with fancied whispers of the spirits of forest and flood ; it was a lovely, lonely, tranquil scene, fitted to fill the heart with pleasant melancholy ; but even that is an enjoyment (perhaps it is the highest of enjoyments) that cannot be felt where peace of mind hath not its station. The exile had not peace of mind ; he was guilty. " Alas ! " said he to himself, " why did not my early guide, my more than father, live to perfect the work he had begun—to develop

the taste for the loveliness of nature that had already germinated in my youthful mind? then I should not have been led astray by the phantasms of ambition, that still beckon, and smile, and lure the unwary to destruction—then should I not have plunged headlong into the turbid stream of dissipation and sensuality, and fancied it was joy—then should I not have murdered the meekest, the most forgiving, the most confiding, the most loving of her sex, and sighed for the rest of the grave to still the horrid remembrance! The man that listens with emotions of awful delight to the roar of the torrent—who loves to plunge amidst the deep recesses of mountain solitudes, or spread his sail amidst the lone isles that wave their woods o’er the flood of the desert—who gazes with delight on the soft and warm effulgence with which, sweet as the memory of departed worth, the day-star, speeding to distant realms, fills all the west, or woos content, and health, and cheerfulness, beneath his early ray—such a man cannot easily be guilty; had I been

such, this solitude had now been a paradise ; oh how my soul, if unburthened with guilt, would swell and expand amidst this glorious scene !—how mean, how little would the troubled joys of worldly men appear to my wrapt spirit !—what were exile and poverty, and even calumny, if peace in my mind, and vigour in my frame ! I could rear me a shed upon yonder lawn, that sleeps so quiet in the placid moonlight, sheltered by the wild wood, fertilized by these clear waters ; alternate rest and labour would sweeten life ; expelled the society of man, still could my eye measure the blue arch, and mark the glorious sun careering through its void ; my ear could drink the summer gale, impregnate with the music of a thousand warblers exquisitely wild, or list in more severe delight to the deep murmurs of the woods that foretell the tempest ; the roar of that tempest would lull me to repose, although its fury scattered my grain and tore up my vineyard ; industry would repair my losses, but the wounds that a guilty

commerce with the world inflicts are irreparable.

“ But if some maiden, beautiful, faithful, fond, (the tears trickled down his cheeks) as her I have lost for ever, partook my couch, my labours, and my joys—oh fool, fool, fool! it might have been—she to whose memory these scalding drops are flowing, even she might now, in the loveliness of youth, in the pride of health, have pressed her soft cheek to thy bosom—with her white arm have circled thy neck—with those lips, whose breath was perfume, whose accents were music, have blest thee for loving her; then, had a tear wetted thy cheek, it would have been a tear of rapture. Happiness was in my grasp, and I scattered it to the winds of heaven, and now nought remains for me but to die; to me this lovely scene is nothing—inspires no wish but that my ashes may soon repose amidst rocks, and woods, and waters, wild and beauteous as those I contemplate: soon, oh! soon may a rude slab, rising

above the turf that shrouds me from sorrow, tell to the villager I died for her who died for me ; may that slab be at once an altar and a beacon to village-lovers ! may many vows of affection plighted before it, prove artless and sincere—bind many hearts in union, indissoluble but by the hand of death ! and oh, may——”

“ Though my grandmother had more credit in our town for rearing asses and calves than for any thing else she could do,” said Gasper, who had listened to a soliloquy the meaning of which he had a very faint comprehension, till his patience could endure no farther, “ though my grandmother had more credit in our town for rearing asses and calves than for any thing else she could do, she could do a great many things besides ; she made very fine plaisters and *vomitations*, for sores and bruises, of boiled herbs, and the like ; I wish I had some of her cures now for my foot, for if it doesn’t get more easy, I don’t know how I shall get to the end of my journey. Well, well, the fault’s all my

own; I might have known well enough I could never have told any thing about that terrible business, without—hey! hey! what's that? oh, the fairies are abroad! for Heaven's sake, Mein Herr! come from behind the tree and sit beside me, I shall die of fright else."

The cause of Gasper's alarm was a soft sweet strain of music, that appeared to rise at a little distance from the bosom of the lake, from which Edward, whose mind was now in some degree familiarized with supernatural sounds and sights, expected every moment to behold a form emerge, lovely as the melody that floated above it. This expectation was not answered; the music died gradually away; a faint echo, sweetly shrill, lingered for a moment amidst the cliffs above, then all again was silent.

"I have heard," said Edward, "at a time when I mocked such sayings as the effect of idle superstition; that music, such as no earthly artist, whatever might be his skill, could extract from the instrument of most

cunning fabric, was often, in the stillness of such an hour as this, the harbinger of death: be it so; that rich stream of sound that even now rose into the heavens, delighting the ear and filling the soul with calmness, cannot be the precursor of evil."

"I—I—I have heard my grandmother, God rest her soul! say," said Gasper, the chattering of whose teeth was perfectly audible, "that three days before my grandfather died, she was awakened in the night by the sound of a hurdy-gurdy, playing—Holy St. Paul! there it is again! what is to become of us?"

Again the strain breathed its full, rich, clear tones upon the waters, then swept them in wild symphony of surpassing sweetness, then again dying gradually away, its echoes again rung amidst the rocks.

"This place is holy," said Edward; "the spirits of the just are around us—hark again—there! it recedes from the waters; the liquid and delicious sounds are floating over yonder wood, as the immaterial es-

sence from which they proceed rises to exultate amidst the stars of heaven—no, it draws nearer, still nearer; oh, it is sweeter than the breath of flowers, than the sigh of happy love: and now the melody is more tender, the faltering of mortal passion is in it; methinks it is less divine, but more enchanting; there—it floats right above us; oh, murdered innocence! again thy accents are in my ear, as they are ever in my soul!”

While he was thus speaking, the music gradually advanced along the margin of the lake, and now, while it filled the air immediately above him, the same air the spirit had sung at Sindenbosch was repeated in the selfsame accents, but no form was visible.

A joy, tempered with awe, but more keen than he had ever felt before, for it was grounded on immortal hopes, filled the bosom of the exile; but his emotions were too much for his frame; he was obliged to lean against the tree for support. The air ceased, the music which had accompanied

it receded in the direction it had advanced, then burst suddenly into louder notes than had yet been heard, rolled through the air in a bold, majestic flood of harmony, and again subsiding, sunk quietly at last into the bosom of the woods.

After the lapse of several minutes, Edward was still listening, in the hope that the grateful sound would be renewed; but he heard nothing, save the hollow moaning, in the cavities of the cliffs, of the winds, that now mustering beneath their brow, fell into the lake, raising all its surface into foam-topped and crowded surges, that, rolling forward, broke successively, in hoarse murmurs, on the shore. The foliage of the woods that bordered it was spread with their showery spray, that glittered in the moonlight, as it swept over the dark rocks.

Gaspar, who had fallen on his face on the approach of the music, now rose slowly, while he listened in terror, anxious, as the hope of his companion, for its renewal; finding, however, that all continued still,

he urged a speedy flight from the wizard scene.

Edward yielded to his importunity, and retracing their steps, Gasper soon discovered the proper turn on the road he had missed taking, in some fit of perturbation, arising out of the nature of the subject on which he had been talking.

As soon as the mingled feelings of awe, and hope, and joy, and grief, inspired by the divine sounds to which he had listened, began to subside a little in the mind of the exile, and the curiosity excited by Gasper's narrative had in some degree revived, he begged him to continue it; but the fall and the music, the one of which he was inclined to consider as a judgment, the other as a warning, for we seldom think of any thing as relating to others, under the influence of whatsoever passion, when we trace any connection in it with ourselves, rendered him reluctant to comply with the request: at length, however, it appeared as if it were a task above his strength to check his natural impulse to relate what he

considered so well worth relating, particularly when once put in action, and he acquiesced.

“Does Mein Herr,” said he, “recollect where I left off, for the pain I am suffering from the stumble of this cursed jade, and the thoughts of that fairy music, that seems still to ring in my ears, has put my brain into such a whirligig, that I scarcely know where I am? Stay, I think I left off where we got upon the corn-stack——no, no; it was where the man came under the tree; aye——no——it was where the light blazed up in the chapel——aye, that was the very place. Well, Mein Herr, by that light I saw——”

Here he was interrupted by a deep groan. Both he and Edward checked their horses, and looked anxiously around for the person from whom it proceeded.

The wind was higher than it had been, and a light rack, occasionally driven by it across the moon, now and then dimmed, for a few moments, her brightness; it was at one of these periods that the groan was heard, and at first no form was visible; but

when the fleeting vapour passed away, and the full orb again threw her light, flickered by the shade of waving boughs and tall strait stems, upon the earth, a tall shadowy figure was discerned, leaning against the bole of a tree, at a slight distance from the road, which was now separated from the forest by a mound and trench.

“The face of the person, whoever it was, was turned towards the travellers, and the moon, shining through the boughs which some woodman or hunter had apparently stripped of their leaves, to form a temporary couch, fell upon his face unbroken but by the shade of a single twig.

Gaspar had no sooner beheld the figure, than, with an anxious gesture, he stretched forward his head to examine it, and immediately after, faintly uttering the name of Walmer, he fell senseless to the ground.

Edward advanced to the brink of the trench, which was too wide to cross, and attentively examined the figure; the face was pale, the features strongly marked, and,

as well as he could discern, harsh and repulsive.

After a short pause—"Who art thou," said he, "who thus broodest, at such an hour, in this wild and lonely scene, making thy sorrows, if indeed it be so gentle an impulse as sorrow that actuates thee, the terror of the sinful, and the speculation of the curious traveller?"

"Thou shalt know me," said the stranger, in a hollow voice and measured accents; "but it is not yet time. Meanwhile, forget not the Castle of Sindensbosch." He then stalked sullenly away, and was soon concealed in the deepening shadows of the forest.

Gasper now gave signs of returning animation; and having gradually recovered, by the assistance of his fellow-traveller, evinced the utmost impatience to get forward, though, in consequence of the pain of his ankle, and the fright he had sustained, it was not without considerable difficulty he could be put in a condition to do so.

As they rode on, he uttered frequent groans and sighs, and now and then a pious ejaculation ; and Edward, clearly discerning that any attempt to gratify his curiosity, which was however raised to a higher pitch than ever, by the incident that had just occurred, would be fruitless, sunk into meditation on the extraordinary nature of that incident.

As they proceeded, slender marks of culture, asserting the rights and proclaiming the vicinage of man, began to appear ; these became more and more frequent, and at length scattered lights appeared at a distance—a dog barked—the village watchman cried the hour—a small spire rose above the trees—and, after the lapse of a few minutes, the travellers were at the door of the house in which they were to pass the night.

CHAP. V.

L'unisson de la voix, celui des instrumens,
Portoit dans tous les nerfs de doux frémissemens ;
Remué par ces sons, s'agitant en cadence
L'homme fut étonné de connoître la danse.

ST. LAMBERT.

THE inhabitants were still up ; the arrival, a few minutes before, of a stage-waggon from Silesia, which was proceeding to Switzerland, had prevented their going to bed ; and they were now busy, over a large fire, preparing supper for the party which had filled the vehicle, consisting of a grotesque mixture of men, women, and children of all ages, from various provinces and nations, who were now assembled in the kitchen, some stretching themselves upon the benches, overcome with fatigue, others, with anxious appetite, overlooking the progress of the cookery, which, with loud hiss and voluminous steam, filled the

whole apartment with a grateful odour; others again were talking over the accidents and escapes of the day, with the pleasure that peril surmounted always leaves behind; and some few of the women were fondly, but vainly endeavouring to obtain intelligence of home, yet many leagues distant, the error that dictated their inquiries growing out of the affection they felt for the dwellers of every hamlet through which they passed, proportioned to its proximity to the beloved spot, and whom no effort of reason could induce them to think wholly ignorant of what had recently passed in a place to which they had been, for the lapse of weeks or months, so much nearer to than themselves.

The gammon, the savoury hash, the soup, fragrant with thyme and other culinary herbs, soon reeked upon a large table, covered with a coarse, but snow-white cloth, that smelt of the sweet air to which it had yielded the purifying moisture it had received from the hands of the industrious laundress.

The guests were seated, and appetite, earned amidst upland breezes, and the close vale's sultry atmosphere, sweetened the rude refection. The flask of Rhenish, cheap but pleasant beverage, circled quick, begetting mirth more vivid than polished, in which Gasper, who was now quite in his element, seemed, while he mingled, to lose all sense of the fears by which he had been recently oppressed.

Edward, who had learned from the landlady that it was necessary, in consequence of the numerous guests she had to accommodate, that he should permit his attendant, for such she took Gasper to be, to sleep in the room with him, encouraged his spirits, and plied him with frequent bumpers, hoping that when he should have retired to rest, he would be able, aided by the artificial boldness he was endeavouring to create in him, to make him set the undefined powers of the dark Walmer at defiance, and continue his tale.

The cloth was removed, and the glass circled more freely, when, amidst the grow-

ing sounds of clamorous tongues, the voice of the landlord, raised into harsh tones in a remote corner of the apartment, caught the ear of the exile. He looked over, and with difficulty discerned, by the faint light with which the tapers placed upon the table where he sat reached the place, a woman, a girl, and a boy, dressed in the garb of French peasants, seated upon a bench; and at the same time distinguished accents which were every moment raised in growing displeasure—"If you can pay in no other coin," said he, "for your entertainment, you may at least be more liberal of your music."

"If Mein Herr had asked us before," replied a sweet voice, apparently depressed by timidity, "we should have willingly played all the time the ladies and gentlemen were at supper; but we thought it might displease rather than gratify them; and we shall now readily comply with monsieur's desire."

A sweet prelude from a mandoline, touched by a masterly hand, succeeded to

these words, with which the notes of another sometimes mingled in meet accordance; and when it was concluded, two voices of unrivalled compass and flexibility poured forth a melancholy air, accompanied by the instruments, that seemed to seize the senses of the company, as by a spell; the laugh, the joke, the tale, were arrested in their progress; and before the closing stanza sunk in cadence of delicious pathos, tears stood in the eyes of more than one of the softer sex.

“I don’t know how it is,” said Gasper, “when my grandmother, God rest her soul! was living, as I listened to her singing of a winter’s night, I used often feel something in my throat, that I could neither get up or down; but I used to remark, that it was only when she sung ‘Mad Ann,’ or ‘Peggy’s Love was slain in Battle,’ or some very sad ballad of that kind; and I used to understand the words well, and used to think that it was their sad meaning that made it come; but now I didn’t understand a word of what these

children (God be good to them, they're a pair of fine children) said, and still I feel as if every word I was saying came up with a gulp through my windpipe. But I don't know why we should be sad neither, over this good wine; come, my girl, you and the younker there, give us a merry tune, and we'll make a handsome collection for you; I'll give a penny for my own share, and Mein Herr here, who's as generous as the sun, will, I'm sure, give sixpence."

"We'll do our best to please Mein Herr just now," said the boy; "but my instrument has got a little out of order, and I must set it to rights first."

The company resumed their merry converse; and Edward, who had felt himself, from the first moment he had perceived the minstrels, and heard the voice of the lad, greatly interested in their favour, for they seemed like persons who had fallen to their humble occupation from a more elevated rank in society, now rose from the table, and applied to the landlady, who

was still busy about the fire, for information concerning them.

"I know nothing of them," said she, in answer to his inquiries, "but that they came to a fair that was held here two days ago, to pick up some pence, and we engaged to give them their board, for playing their what-d'ye-call-ums at a dance that we had in the house; but they couldn't do it neither, for the boy was ill, and the girl had to nurse him; they have been waiting since for the waggon that came in to-night, I suppose to go to some other fair; and, for my part, I shall be glad enough when they're gone, for they have already had more victuals than enough for nothing; and we were obliged to hire, at an advanced price, the hurdy-gurdy and bagpipes from the next village; to be sure, that's what we ought to have done at first, for these things make but poor music when compared to them."

The exile thought that if the landlady's taste were correct, there must be some miraculously-skilful artist employed in the

construction of hurdy-gurdies and bagpipes in that part of the world; and pretending to be wearied sitting, he walked up and down, occasionally stopping, as long as he was unobserved, to examine the musicians.

The girl seemed about eighteen, and the boy fourteen, and both were extremely beautiful, notwithstanding that their complexion indicated that either they, or some of their progenitors, had come from a region nearer the sun than any part of Europe.

A swarthy hue, perhaps from the contrast, perhaps from some latent cause, sometimes renders the beauties that are mingled with it more striking; and here all besides was so perfect, that while the quondam libertine stood wrapt in admiration of the girl's loveliness, it required all the force of his new-found virtue to repress the involuntary desires that were struggling in his bosom; other emotions, however, mingling, made the task more easy; a confused remembrance pervaded

his mind, of having seen somewhere a face to which that of both the minstrels (for between them a perfect likeness subsisted) bore a strong resemblance; but after running over in his mind all the gypsies, or natives of the torrid zone, he had ever seen, he could find no satisfactory solution of the perplexity under which his mind laboured.

At length, wishing to see if the face of the woman whom he supposed to be the mother, and who held her head down, as if absorbed by thought or by grief, might not supply a clue to the enigma, he struck, as if by chance, in his walk, against a hanging shelf near which she sat, and on which the landlady had arranged some pewter vessels and plates in splendid array; these came down with a clatter that disturbed the whole company; the landlady and one of her daughters ran to pick up their precious wares, and examine, with slow precision, every thing they might have received, in order to exact compensation; and the woman, startled by the noise, and suddenly

raising up her head, the exile, with pain and astonishment, beheld in her an acquaintance of whom he had not thought for a long time.

“ Good Heaven !” exclaimed she, in astonishment not inferior to his own, “ am I so fortunate as to behold once more a benefactor for whose welfare I never sleep without a prayer ! But, hist ! I am betraying myself,” continued she, in a low voice ; “ pray, *monsieur*, don’t say who I am ; fallen fortunes sometimes excite sympathy, but more frequently contempt.”

The mind of Edward was filled with surprise, compassion, and self-accusation ; the unfortunate woman was the wife of a Spanish officer, who having been in garrison at Ceuta, met there with her, she having accompanied her father, who was a Moorish merchant, brought thither by his business ; he became enamoured of her, and notwithstanding the difference of religion, obtained the consent of her father to their marriage, for his constant intercourse with

Christians had considerably abated his Musselman prejudices.

The husband, on his return to Spain, had engaged in the endeavours of his countrymen to gain their freedom, that had terminated in the death of the unfortunate Padilla, and he having narrowly escaped with his life, was exposed, with his wife and two children, to all the miseries of poverty and exile.

He was a skilful engineer, and being at Calais when the war broke out between France and England, he offered his services to the latter ; they were accepted, and he was slain at the battle of Gunegate.

Edward had become acquainted with him and his wife a little before his death, and when that fatal event took place, commiserating the forlorn situation of the widow, he had purchased her a cottage and field, furniture and stock, and before he removed from the neighbourhood in which he had thus settled her, had sent a messenger, with an escort, for her two children, who had

been left at Calais, when she resolved to share the fatigues and dangers of war with her husband.

The zeal with which he had served her was in some measure, perhaps, the result of a marvellously-striking likeness she bore the lady Ellesmere, for whom he had always entertained great respect, and something not unlike filial affection, which was marked by the ardour with which the impetuosity of his character caused him to indulge in every affection or dislike he might happen to imbibe. The likeness was so strong, that even the complexion of the beautiful Moor could not conceal it; but it was confined to her face, for in point of person, she was much taller and stouter than the mother of Isabel.

He had resolved to remit her an annual stipend; but his diplomatic functions, and the multiplicity of other affairs in which his ambitious views had involved him, had obliterated her effectually from his mind.

She now briefly informed him that she had been bereft of the little property he

had given her, by the knavery of the person from whom it had been purchased, who pretended that only a part of the price had been paid, (Edward bit his lips and clenched his hands,) and that she was obliged to seek a precarious subsistence, by the assistance of the musical talents of her children, which she herself had fortunately cultivated. They had been for some time wandering in Germany, and were now returning to France, through a great part of which they had first travelled.

Edward felt as if he had himself been the spoiler; but reflecting that his commiseration and remorse could now have no effect to reinstate the poor woman in her little domains, he made a successful effort to dispel the uneasiness under which he laboured, determining that one of the tasks he would impose on himself, before he abandoned life, would be, to obtain for her, from the emperor, the restitution of her husband's property. He gave her the pere Etienne's address, desiring she would, from time to time, let him know where she

might be found. He then told the landlady simply that he had found in her an old acquaintance ; and leading her and her children to the table, caused them to sit down, and partake of the rustic dessert and wine with which it was replenished.

To this arrangement, however, the wife of a wealthy burgher, who, with her husband, formed part of the company, seemed much inclined to object ; and the citizen, who did not appear as if he was much used to dissent from her opinions, testified a similar repugnance ; a low conversation commenced between them, in which the words *beggar* and *vagabond* were occasionally audible.

The poor beings at whom this spleen was directed were about to rise and withdraw abashed ; but Edward prevented them, darting a stern look at the man of importance, that effectually quelled his disinclination to their society, and even reduced that of his rib to a few indistinct murmurs.

Good humour again pervaded the com-

pany ; the poor wanderers seemed cheered by its influence, by the wine that Edward insisted on their drinking, but above all, by the voice of friendship that had reached their ears when they could but little have expected it.

The minstrels resumed their instruments, and sung and played an air still more melting than the former, and with similar effect : again the mirth ceased—all was hushed—there was here a sigh and there a tear—a young husband tenderly pressed the hand of his wife, as it lay upon the table—a mother strained her sucking infant closer to her bosom—a little girl, while she looked on the musicians, threw her arm fondly round the neck of her aged father—and a widow gazed with soft sorrow on a small portrait of him she had loved.

Again the voices ceased, but the vibration of the last melancholy note still rung faintly on the chords, when suddenly the minstrels again sent their fingers bounding amidst them ; a lively, spirit-stirring measure made the old oaken rafters ring again ;

soon every face dilated into a smile—every foot beat time—every head nodded—every heart bounded—and Gasper, yielding to the combined influence of wine and music, and forgetful of his bruised ankle, springing from his seat, swore that the landlady should dance with him.

The good woman, who was rather unwieldy for such an exercise, begged to transfer the honour intended her to her daughter; and the accommodating peasant making no objection to the change, took out the damsel, more willing than she would be thought, and performed a rustic dance with great spirit, which, while it amused the company, gave his fellow-traveller good hopes as to the history of his adventures in the tree before the chapel window of the Castle of Sindenbosch.

While the minstrels, apparently delighted with mirth that confessed the power of their art, continued to play, Edward again examined their countenances; they were both extremely like their mother, consequently like lady Ellesmere, consequently

like Adelaide, who was reckoned the very image of his aunt, insomuch that as the lad happened to turn his face sideways, and the shadow of it rested on the wall, he could have almost sworn that he was gazing on the profile of the only woman he had ever truly loved.

When the travellers had retired to their respective couches, Edward found little difficulty in persuading Gasper, who, as he conjectured, was in a humour to defy Walmer, to continue his narrative; his courage was augmented, and in point of copiousness, so was his eloquence; but if conciseness, and adherence to his subject, be essential qualities in an historian, these had been much injured by the wine he had swallowed.

Gasper had, in all human probability, never studied the writings of him who has so skilfully exhibited the virtues of a Tully, and the sanguinary villanies of a Catiline; but whether the practice be one to which there is a bias in our nature, or that he had borrowed it from some other source, cer-

tain it is, that he was no less addicted than the illustrious Roman to preface his narratives with matter perfectly extraneous, or with what, in nursery language, would be called a story of a cock and a bull, that much dreaded story, which has so frequently tried the patience of us all, when, small and querulous wights, we have sat upon the wonted knee, and hoped for a gorgeous display of crowned heads, and fiery dragons, and isles with silver streams, and woods with fruitage of the topaz and the ruby.

There is one point, indeed, in which the parallel will not hold; the ex-prefect's proems usually dwelt on that which his practice pretty plainly shewed he did not much venerate, namely, purity and grandeur of soul, whereas our good High Dutch boor did most truly and devoutly venerate his theme, that is, his exemplary, sage, and multiloquious grandmother.

He now commenced with her, in a strain of fluent panegyric, carrying it on through a multitude of anecdotes, which, forasmuch

as wine sometimes conduces to pertinacity as well as eloquence, no remonstrance, or other mark of impatience on the part of his wretched auditor, who now felt himself unusually sleepy, and heartily repented of the fatal temerity of his request, could in the least check.

At length the magazine of the old lady's actions, well replenished as it was, appearing to be exhausted, he once more reached—"Well, Mein Herr, when the light blazed up in the chapel, I saw—aw—aw," continued he, "I never saw any thing like it in my life, and—aw—aw—hope never to see any—aw—aw—thing like it again; I—aw—aw—saw——"

"For Heaven's sake, what did you *see*?" said Edward, whose curiosity was again excited, and who had roused himself, to listen, from a dose which the old woman had at length nearly procured him; "for Heaven's sake, what did you see?"

This important appeal was answered by a loud snort, followed by another, and another, and another, in rapid succession;

and the disappointed querist was fain to take refuge in a sound and tranquil slumber, sweetened by the faint hope that the educatrix of asses and calves, fertile a theme as she was, had been exhausted, and would leave the morrow free for other matter. But that morrow brought nothing but new disappointment; whether it was caused by fatigue, or by the irritation of mind he had undergone from Gasper's vexatious method of relating his adventures, or the excessive tension of his feelings, that had been effected by the extraordinary occurrences in the forest, he slept till a ray of the mid-day sun, which had made its way through the dark curtains that surrounded his bed, had rested on his countenance. He started up, hurried on his clothes, and learned, with great dissatisfaction, on reaching the kitchen of the hostel, where the family were at dinner, that his companion had risen early, had complained that he had wakened in the night with the pain of his foot, which was much swelled and inflamed by the imprudent exertion of the

preceding evening, insomuch that he had determined to leave his horse till his return, and proceed by the waggon, which was to pass within a short distance of the place to which he was going.

CHAP. VI.

Poichè l'ultimo giorno e l'ore estreme

Spoghâr di lei questa vita preesente,

Nostro stato dal ciel vede, ode, e sante :

Altra di lei non è rimasa speme. PETRARCA.

EDWARD was fain to rest satisfied with having his expectation of hearing the adventures of the chapel thus finally frustrated ; and having taken a slight repast, he left the hostel, consoling himself, in some measure, with the reflection, that as the loquacious and digressive boor was to have parted from him in the course of the day, his route lying more to the left, he should, in all probability, have reached the point of separation before some fresh anecdote of his grandmother, the memory of which the wine might have dispelled the night before, had suffered him to reach the tree before the chapel window.

The sun had set, when, as well as he could conjecture from the description he had received of the route, he was about six English miles from a village situated at the point where the road fell into that which he had originally been compelled to abandon.

As the light faded, a sharp wind, such as sometimes chequers the autumnal heats, blew chill from the north. The exile drew his cloak tighter round him, and pressed forward his steed; but had scarcely proceeded a mile, when emerging from the woods that clothed its base, he reached the summit of a steep acclivity, over which the road passed; he found his progress arrested by a deep gulley, that intersected the hill, a rude bridge, that had once connected the banks, having been carried away, apparently by some swelling of a stream that now rolled at a great distance below, within its wonted channel, amidst rude and misshapen crags, upon which, as they gradually expanded, the occasional elevation of the waters was marked in a sloping line,

the wave-washed rock rising, first quite denuded of vegetable productions, and then emitting from its crevices a few hardy shrubs and a scant herbage, browsed by a few goats, whose tameness assured the traveller that he was at no great distance from some human habitation.

He recollected having observed, as he approached the foot of the hill, a narrow road that turned off to the left, and on a tree at its entrance a board, that probably, though he had neglected to examine it, afforded some useful information to the traveller. In quest of this he retraced his steps, and having reached it, he was enabled to discern that the board presented the uncouth figure of some animal, and was at one end formed into the shape of a pointing hand. He concluded that it was the sign of a public-house, situated at some distance from the road, and pushing forward, he soon found that he was not mistaken in his conjecture—a wood, interspersed with cornfields and pasture, that lay on either side, soon opened into a spacious lawn, skirted on one

side by a close plantation, that appeared to divide it from the stream upon which he had just turned his back, for its gurgling came distinctly on the ear in that direction; its surface was scattered with hawthorns and lindens, and grazing cattle, that rose from their lair as he passed; and in the centre stood a spacious mansion, that seemed to promise accommodation and comfort, wholly unexpected in so wild a scene, with its orchard, and garden, and hay-yard, and stacks of firewood, and its sign, that swinging and creaking in the breeze, informed the weary way-wanderer that all he saw was his, so long as his purse might permit him, and his convenience require him, to enjoy it.

The traveller wondered that he perceived nothing of the bustle that usually characterizes a house of public resort, as he approached, and was at first inclined to imagine, in a sportive mood of thought, that Gasper's friends, the fairies, had raised the fabric for his accommodation. He drew nearer and nearer, but nothing was

to be seen or heard. At length, as he passed the stables, which lay on the side of the house, he distinguished the rustling of straw, and the voice of a domestic humming, as he littered his horses, a plaintive ditty, in the intervals of that sort of language in which a carter or ploughman usually addresses those useful companions of his toils; and no sooner had the trample of his steed rung on the pavement that surrounded a porch that formed the entrance of the dwelling, than a little spruce old woman suddenly issued from it, with a lamp in her hand, and with a shrill voice screamed out, curtseying low at every second word—"What, Hans, Claude, August, is there no one to take the cavalier's horse? out upon the rogues! there's no finding them when they're most a-wanting. They have been sauntering and idling about the house all day, because there was nothing for them to do, and now there is no one to be seen.—Mein Herr's cold, I make no doubt; the air from the mountains yonder sometimes comes very keen

at this time of the year.—What, Hans, Claude!—Did Mein Herr travel far to-day? These people will leave me to be groom, and waiter, and every thing, I think. I suppose Mein Herr was by the broken bridge? we have lost a great deal of our custom since it was carried away by the river, though thereby hangs a tale; it was no more carried away by the river, than I was carried away by the emperor.—What, Hans, Claude!”

“I’m only just finishing Lightfoot, mistress,” said a voice from the stables; “I’ll be with you in a minute.”

“Aye, Lightfoot indeed,” continued the old lady; “you ought to have finished Lightfoot an hour ago. I verily believe we have the laziest set about us that can be found any where for five miles round Blumenstadt.—But, as I was saying, Mein Herr—Lord, what a handsome cavalier!” dropped in a low tone, as it were involuntarily, from her, as she held the lamp up to examine the face and person of her new guest; “as I was saying, Mein Herr,

it was no river, but hands of flesh and blood, that broke the bridge; why, Lord bless you! that bridge has been there longer than I can recollect, and no flood ever carried it away before. No, no, our good friends that keep the new house on this side Blumenstadt could say something about the carrying away of the bridge, if they chose; but, by'r lady! people won't tell of themselves. If it isn't soon mended, we shall be ruined, that's certain.—What, Hans, is the cavalier to stand shivering in the cold all night?"

"I dare say he don't find the cold half so severe as your tongue," said a gruff voice from within. "Can't you hang the horse's bridle on the latch, and let the cavalier come in, and listen to your clack while he warms himself, if he must listen to it?"

"Dear, dear, that's true," said the little woman; "I wonder I never thought of that before.—Here, Mein Herr, give me the bridle, Hans will take the beast in a minute."

Edward now followed her into an apartment in the rear of the house, which seemed to serve the double purpose of parlour and kitchen. It was warmed by a large fire, the glow of which filled all the passage that led to it; and close to the well-swept hearth sat an old gouty man, in an easy chair, with a rimming can of ale on a small oak table by his side.

"Lord love him! isn't he a handsome cavalier?" said the old woman, in a half-whisper, as the exile disburthened himself of his cloak, cap, and sabre, at the further end of the room.

"Your head," grumbled the old man, who, by the sternness of his manner, appeared to be her husband, "is for ever running on handsome cavaliers; I think one of your time of life might give up thoughts of that kind, and stick to your business and your beads."

"One of my time of life, indeed," replied she, bridling up; "if I'm so old as you would have me to be, Jacob Killner, it is high time for you to give up your jea-

lousy ; but that, I think, you'll never give up on this side the grave."

" Jealousy, quotha !" said the landlord, turning up his nose with a contemptuous smile ; " I prithee lay aside playing the girl with those grey hairs and that wrinkled forehead, and shew the cavalier a room."

The little old woman grew all red with rage, and tossed her head about, as if she would have shaken it off her shoulders ; but she knew too well the use to which old Jacob could sometimes put his crutch, to venture a reply, such as she would willingly have given ; and snatching up the lamp, and a bundle of firewood, turned to her guest again, with wonderfully rapid versatility of countenance, assuming the smile of complacency, and curtsying low, desired he would follow her.

She led him into a handsome apartment ; but on proceeding to light the stove by which it was to be warmed, found that it had got out of repair in the course of the summer, and would not draw ; she tried

another, and another room; but the stoves were all out of order—a circumstance which, she said, had never occurred before, and at which she testified much amazement, protesting that it must have been the contrivance of some one belonging to the new inn near Blumenstadt, to the rivalry of whose owners she seemed inclined to impute every disaster.

She now seemed utterly at a loss how to promote the comfort of the handsome cavalier—"Mein Herr will feel so cheerless eating his supper in a cold room," said she, with a piteous look and accent; "but perhaps Mein Herr would have no objection to sit for one evening in a kitchen, though I must own old Jacob's company is no great allurement."

"If it will not interfere with the economy of your household," said Edward, "I should gladly embrace your proposal; for, to say the truth, I feel more susceptible of cold this evening than I am wont to do; perhaps it is owing to the sudden transition from the late heats."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mein Herr," said the little old woman, brightening up, for she was charmed to think she should sit in company, for the remainder of the evening, with the handsome cavalier; and away she tripped before him, with the agility of a girl of sixteen.

"Now Mein Herr," said she, when she had reached the kitchen, and informed old Jacob of the condescension of the cavalier, without succeeding in making him partaker of her satisfaction thereat, "now, Mein Herr," dusting a chair for him with her apron, "please to be seated, and you shall have your supper in the twinkling of an eye. What will Mein Herr please to have? we had a mutton killed the day before yesterday, and the old baron von Oudendorp, who was always a very good friend of mine—of my husband's, I mean—sent us yesterday a quarter of venison and a hamper of wild-fowl; and we have a fine ham, cut from a pig of our own feeding, that was taken up a little before you came in;

and there are ducks, and fowls, and vegetables of all kinds, out of our own garden; so that, Mein Herr, I hope that our larder can furnish something to please his palate."

Edward begged she would chuse for him—a task of which she appeared not a little proud; and smiling significantly, as if she thought he had acted wisely in depending on her wish to please, him, and sooth to say, thinking justly, for she was a mighty friend to young and handsome cavaliers, set about her preparations with all possible alacrity.

It entered into the economy of the little old woman's faculties, that whatever she might be doing with her hands or her mind, her tongue was always active; and while she now went through a succession of cooking operations with great rapidity, regularity, and diligence, she contrived to afford her guest, notwithstanding sundry *pishes* and *pshaws* from her lord and master, ample information on a vast number of topics, which, somehow or another, did not

appear quite so interesting to him as they did to the flippant narrator—nay, so little gratitude did her efforts to amuse him, and her anxiety that he should taste this sauce, and that ragout, excite, that he thought the music that accompanied his truly exquisite meal greatly reduced its value, and while he contrasted it with that of the preceding evening, a sigh heaved his bosom. He asked himself, in mental communing, “What was its source?” but before he could think on answering, another was rising, and he thought of Luise, and stifled it. It struggled again for vent, and he drew the picture of Luise from his bosom, and gazed on it.

He thought he held the miniature in the hollow of his hand, so that it could be seen by none but himself; but the little old woman, who was now busied removing the dishes, and whose eyes were not much less active than her tongue, on such an occasion as the present, having caught a glimpse of it, desired, without much ceremony,

that Mein Herr would let her see his sweetheart's countenance; adding—"God bless the girl, whoever she may be! she has a good right to be proud of being admired by such a handsome cavalier." As she said these words, she reached her head over, till having obtained a full view of the portrait, she screamed out—"Holy Virgin! if it isn't our Luise herself!"

"Luise!" exclaimed the exile; "did you know Luise Meister?"

"Good reason I have to know her," said the old woman; "these were the first arms that held her—these were the breasts that suckled her—this was the house in which she first saw the light, and her father before her."

Edward was well aware that Meister was not a native of D——, but had settled there with a view to advance himself by mercantile pursuits.

"My poor Luise!" continued the old woman, "oh, how happy I am that Mein Herr is come, so that I shall hear about

her; for as Mein Herr has her picture, I suppose he is courting her, or perhaps married to her."

Edward heaved a deep sigh.

"Lord love her! I think I see her this moment, just as she was, a sprightly, kind-hearted little wench, of twelve years of age, when she left us. There she was, running up and down, taking leave of all her little pleasures, and crying—'Dear nurse, take care of Fidele,' there, Mein Herr, that little old grey dog, that's sleeping under old Jacob's chair; and 'dear nurse, mind you feed Robin regularly.' Robin, Mein Herr, was a goldfinch; but, poor fellow, he's dead, more's the pity, for he sung like a nightingale; and 'dear nurse, don't let the gnats get into my flower-knot, as they did last year, and spoiled three of my wallflowers, and the fine hyacinth that Agnes Schleusner gave me, and that I loved so much for her sake,' Agnes, Mein Herr, was and is her friend; she always asks about her, and loves her better than any of her sisters. No one

ever knew our Luise without loving her ; and I believe she loved every one ; for whenever she heard me speak ill of another, she had always something to say in their defence. Oh dear, dear ! and then, when she had kissed all her little favourites, and even her plants, over and over again, how she did take on as she was just going to be separated from me and Agnes ! she threw her arms first round the neck of one, and then round that of the other, and cried—dear, dear, how she did cry !

“ She had her handkerchief still to her eyes, as the carriage was turning the corner of the wood that concealed the road from us, as we stood at the door ; and when it again appeared through an opening of the hedge of the sloping paddock, that Mein Herr might have observed more to the right, she waved the handkerchief. I remember well it was a spick and span new cambrick handkerchief of her poor mother's, but which she had never used ; and I took it with my own hands that very morning out of the chest where my master

used to keep the poor dear dead lady's clothes, as carefully as if it was herself he had in it. Dear Lord! when Luise waved the handkerchief, there wasn't a dry eye among all the cottagers who had gathered together here from their work, to take leave of the father and daughter."

"And the hearts that were filled with the kind affections that could command such honour-imparting tears," thought the exile, "I have broken!"

"Oh, Mein Herr," continued the nurse, "my poor Luise, whom I didn't see for many's the long day after that, when I did see her, was sadly altered; not in person, indeed, for she was allowed by all the people hereabouts to be one of the most beautiful creatures they had ever seen, but her spirits, Mein Herr, were quite and clear gone. It's now about two years since her father brought her here to spend a month with us."

The exile recollected her having gone on a visit to her nurse about the time their attachment was commencing.

“ He said that she had somehow become melancholy of late ; he didn’t know for why, but he hoped change of air, and seeing the places she loved when a child, would restore her. Ah ! she was melancholy, poor thing, sure enough ; but the hopes of the old gentleman were not answered, for she went away as melancholy as she came. Holy Virgin ! how changed she was from the little wild, frolicsome thing I remembered her ! She would sit for hours together silent, except when she sighed, and perhaps plucking the leaves of a flower, and strewing them on the ground. And again she would wander away into the woods, sometimes alone, and sometimes with Agnes ; and when she came home at night-fall, her garments would be wet through with the dew, without her seeming either to know that, or that she eaten nothing since the morning.

“ Agnes knew what ailed her, I believe ; but she would never tell me, though I often pressed her, and told her I took it unkindly. But,” looking significantly, “ I give a pretty

good guess now; and even then I had my suspicions. I think she was in love. I have surprised her, many's the good time and oft, crying over something she held in her hand, and wouldn't let me see, and which I believe was a picture, about as big as this; and once as I was going up to her room, I stopped on the stairs, and heard her say—'I can never be his wife—there is too great a chasm between us.' And I have sometimes watched over her at night, when she has been sleeping uneasy, and she'd sometimes sob in her sleep, and sometimes sigh, and sometimes endeavour to pronounce some name, I suppose that I never heard, for it was no German word, thus—ah, Riv—v—v; but then her nether lip would get convulsed, and the word would end in a deep-fetched sigh; and oh! she looked so beautiful all the time! her hair curling round her face, under the plaits of her nightcap, and her rosy cheeks; for though they were pale sometimes in the day, they were red when she slept, sprinkled as if with a light dew; and her

white arm lying outside the bed covering, as white as the linen on which it rested, and that's a bold word too; for Jacob there knows that there's not a better laundress in all these parts than myself; but then it was a different kind of whiteness; the sheet for certain was like the driven snow, but the hand and arm were more of the whiteness of pearl, or diamond, or emerald, as it were, and all the blue veins were seen so plain through it. I used to think, as I looked at her, that she was a bedfellow fit for an emperor; but I hope," smiling, "she has got one as well to look on, at least, as an emperor."

Edward snatched up the little dog, and kissed it.

The old woman, confirmed in her conjectures by this circumstance, proceeded — "So then, Mein Herr is the husband of our Luise? well, well, when she next visits us she'll be merry again, as she used to be. I hope Mein Herr left her and our old master well?"

He pressed the little dog so tight to his

bosom, that it yelped. He set it down gently, and bursting into a passion of tears, was just able to utter—"They're both dead!"

"Dead!" cried the old woman.

"Dead!" repeated the old man, who had listened with greater patience to the tongue of his wife than he was used to do, because she spoke of Luise; "dead! of what—how—where—when?"

Edward motioned with his hand, as if he would be spared relating any thing concerning the melancholy catastrophe.

"Why, it's no great while ago," said the old woman, sobbing, "since my old master slept here on his return from Switzerland, where he had been on business; and he was very well himself, and said that he had left Luise well. Dear, dear, who would have thought it! Mein Herr, Mein Herr, you'll never get such another wife, take my word for it, though I say it, that shouldn't say it. Oh, she was the best, the kindest hearted! but, dear Mein Herr, don't take on so; grieving wont bring her

back—the grave never gives back what it once receives in its bosom, as father Anselm said last Sunday; and it was true enough for him—I never knew any one come back from it. Dear, dear, who could have thought it! and yet, Jacob, do you remember how many good causes we had to fear that something would happen to the dear child?”

“I remember you said there were causes, my dear,” said Jacob, in a tone softened by grief, for he had wept silently since he had heard the heavy tidings.

“Oh, aye, aye, I said so, and I said right. Don’t you remember what a night that was before the day she went away? don’t you remember how it rained and blew, and how, as we stood in the porch, we thought we could hear voices shrieking and groaning in the blast, as it howled over the woods, and how the poor child spilt the salt at supper, and crossed her knife and fork, and smiled, and soothed me when I cried, and couldn’t be persuaded that it foreboded her no misfortune? Oh

dear, dear, it was but too sure that it did ; misfortune indeed, to be snatched away from such a handsome cavalier, with youth and health on her side ; and do you remember how I was obliged to get up in the night, to fasten the windows, for fear they should be blown in, and when I went into Luise's room, how she moaned in her sleep, and how I was frightened almost to death by something flapping against her window ? and don't you remember how heavy-hearted I was the next morning, and that I couldn't bear to look after the carriage, but sat crying at my breakfast, as it rolled away from the door ? Well, no one shall ever persuade me again that there is nothing in these signs, or in dreams ; it was but last night I had such a dream, I knew this morning, the minute I woke, that I should hear something before night. Good luck ! I have been so melancholy, I haven't opened my lips the whole day."

" There, my dear," said Jacob, sobbing all the while, " you are a little mistaken. I don't know, indeed, as to your dream,

for I stopped you when you were going to tell it me ; but I'm sure you have never been silent one minute since you rose."

" Oh, Jacob, Jacob !" exclaimed the old woman, " I'm evermore mistaken, and old, and every thing else that's sinful, in your mind ; but perhaps there are other people that don't see with your eyes. As to the dream, sure enough no good could come of it. You must know, Mein Herr, that old Jacob there waked me out of a sound sleep, by a fit of coughing ; God help him ! between his cough, and his gout, and his dye-pates, as the doctor calls it, and fifty other pates—"

" Don't be troubling the cavalier with your nonsense, I say," said Jacob, wiping his eyes, and resuming his sternness of voice and aspect.

The little old woman looked somewhat frightened, but after a little hesitation, seemed as if she was determined to have her story out ; when Edward, whose spirits had been greatly affected by discovering that he was in the dwelling, and with the

people that had witnessed the innocent, and, as it appeared, happy childhood of her his falsehood had bowed to an early grave, felt himself unequal to the task of hearing the menaced tale of unsubstantial horrors, which he had no reason to think would be dispatched in a few words; and with a view to effect his escape, he complained of a headache, and desired that he might be shewn the chamber in which he was to sleep.

"If Mein Herr pleases," said the old woman, "he shall sleep in his poor dear wife's own room, poor thing! Poor thing!" continued she, wiping her eyes, "we have always kept it in the same state as it was in when she left it first, and she was so pleased to find it unaltered when she was here last, she spent as good as a whole day examining the furniture, and praising the good repair in which I had kept it. Poor thing, poor thing! I remember she said that she wouldn't fear to be forgotten by me when she was dead, since I kept her so well in mind when she was absent; and

she was right ; I never will forget her—I never can forget her ! oh ! she was my own sweet child ! those that lay in my womb I never loved half so well—they did not deserve to be loved so well."

While she was thus expressing herself, the sense of loss she had suffered, which had till now been tempered by surprise, seemed to press with a sudden overwhelming weight upon her faculties, and letting fall the lamp, and a warming-pan she was filling with embers from the fire, she sank into a chair in violent hysterics.

Edward flew to her assistance. After the violence of the first paroxysm was over, she caught his hand, still sobbing convulsively, and asked him earnestly whether he had not been the husband of Luise ? not because she had the least doubt of the fact being so, but because she wished to have it confirmed by his own lips.

He saw that to undeceive her would be to overthrow a very pleasing delusion ; and he feared, moreover, to lead her to conjecture the truth, for he was tenacious

of her good opinion, because she was the nurse of Luise; he therefore nodded an affirmative.

He had no sooner done so than she flew at him in a transport of mingled grief and satisfaction, caught him round the neck, hugged him, kissed him, cried over him, and it was not till Jacob had interposed his authority, asking her if she was not ashamed of herself, and tugging her somewhat violently by the arm, that he was delivered from the fury of her caresses.

She seemed to recollect herself a little, and asked pardon for her violence; but at the same time, with a countenance in which, mingled with her grief, there was a portion of gratified pride distinctly visible, begged Jacob not to carry his jealousy to such unreasonable lengths, as to prevent her marking her affection for one whom she might, in some degree, consider as her own son.

She now relit her lamp, which had been extinguished in its fall, and having com-

pleted the filling of her warming-pan, led the way up stairs.

"This, then, was the room of Luise?" said Edward, as he entered a small, but neat apartment.

"This was her own room," said the nurse, "ever since she was two years old, and I assure you, Mein Herr, I never let it be used but by some one for whom I have a great regard, and I always give such strict charges not to misplace any thing, or scribble upon the wainscotting, or do any other damage; you need not, however, be afraid that the bed isn't aired; it was slept in last night by one who, though an acquaintance of no long standing, is yet a great favourite of mine—but mum; thereby hangs a tale; there is no one can ever keep a secret, Mein Herr, better than me, though I'm sure if it was otherwise, Mein Herr would be the last person in the world to make a bad use of my confidence; but as I say, and as every one says, except indeed it be old Jacob, who won't allow me

to be good in any respect, I am a rare hand at keeping a secret—no, no ; no one ever told me a secret, and had cause to repent it. There are some people, indeed, who, if a great princess were to honour them with their confidence, would——”

While she was speaking thus, she was employed warming the bed, and just as she had pronounced the last word, she gave a loud scream, and flying to the door of the apartment with terror and amazement on her countenance, held it ajar, as if doubtful whether or not she might venture to stay.

Edward inquired what had happened to her?

“Did you hear nothing, Mein Herr?” said she.

“Nothing but an indistinct sound, that appeared to me like the wind making its way through the keyhole, or some crevice in the wainscot.”

“Well, well, I don’t know, perhaps it might have been the wind, but indeed, Mein Herr, I did think I heard the voice of

our Luise, as plain as though she was standing close by me, and whispering into my ear; but I suppose the sad news I have just heard may have made me mistake some other sound for it."

Thus saying, she advanced again to the bed, but with much caution and timidity, and finished warming it in silence. When she had done, she was slowly withdrawing, her eyes fixed on the exile, whom she now thought handsomer than ever, because he had been the husband of Luise; but when, as he was examining the furniture of the room, he chanced to ask why her former master had removed to D——, not observing that her task was finished, she seemed to consider the question as an invitation to prolong her stay, and setting down the instrument she had been using, she prepared to impart all she knew with respect to the subject. "Mein Herr," said she, "must know, that my poor master, God rest his soul! though little did I think, when last I saw him, that I should so soon have to say so, once owned all the lands as

far almost as you can see, whichsoever way you turn when you are out upon the lawn, and he lived here as contented as you please, till my poor mistress died. We all thought at first that he did not take on for the loss as much as he ought to have done, for he scarcely shed a tear, and he went about his usual occupations two or three days after her funeral, just as if nothing had happened ; but we were greatly deceived, for he grew pale and thin, and in a few weeks was obliged to keep his bed, and a doctor that was sent for out of Switzerland recommended him to travel, saying that there was no chance of any thing else doing him good.

“Well, Mein Herr, travel he did, to France, and Paris, and Italy, and Rome, and Naples, and a great many other places which I have heard him mention afterwards, and he came home much better in health, Heaven be praised ! though for that matter I needn't say Heaven be praised, now that he's dead after all. Well, he came home in pretty good health, but more melancholy

than he had been before, and he brought with him on a visit one count Steinberg."

"Count Steinberg!" repeated Edward, starting.

"Yes, Mein Herr, count Steinberg; did Mein Herr ever see the count?"

"No; pray go on."

"Well, Mein Herr, home, sure enough, he brought count Steinberg, and if we are to believe all we hear, but that I have often heard say it's not right to do, it was a sad day for him that first he met with him, for true it is, that the people all about here say that to him he owed his ruin, for that he was a necromancer, and a wizard, and a hacklemist, and I know not what beside; now for my own part, I cannot believe the half of this, for the count was as personable a man as you could see in a thousand, and very generous, and Mein Herr (lowering her voice) must not say a word of the count before old Jacob, if he should stay here to-morrow, as I hope he will, for I want to shew him his poor Luise's garden, with the roses, and sweetbriars, and

violet bank of her own planting, just as she left it, and her grotto at the head of the pond, where she used to sit of a summer's evening, and amuse herself seeing the trout leap at the bread she used to throw them, and a thousand other things; but as I said, Mein Herr mustn't mention the count's name before old Jacob, for the old man, who has been always the plague of life with his jealous fancies, (she straitened her back, and throwing up her head, added something between half an inch and an inch to her stature,) took it into his head to be furious at some attentions the count paid me.

"I can't deny indeed that the count was often closeted for hours together with my master, and that they often rode away, and were absent for a week at a time, no one knew where; nor can I deny, that while the count was in the house, strange sounds were often heard by the servants; nor that I was once myself lying awake at midnight in the room over that where my

master slept, and heard sweet music as plain as I now hear myself speaking ; I then thought it was one of the men-servants who used to play a little on the oboe, but when I asked him the next morning about it, he looked so astonished, that I am sure I was mistaken. All this I must honestly own, yet I can never believe that a gentleman like the count, so tall and well-made, and who could look so mild, and chuck one under the chin, and squeeze one's hand so tenderly, could possibly be any thing like a conjurer or a *hacklemist*, and yet Nicholas Torrensen, that used sometimes attend my master when he was away with the count, once told a fellow-servant, who told it to a girl in the house whom he was courting, who told it to me, that he had once been witness to such things in the dead hour of the night, at an old abbey on the borders of Switzerland, whither he had followed his master and the count unperceived, as would make your hair stand on end if you were to hear them ; the name of the abbey was—was—it's not easy to forget

things of this sort neither, and yet I have forgotten this quite and clean—stay, no ; it was the abbey of Marienfels : oh, Mein Herr, such things as Nicholas related of this terrible place, (she looked round, as if apprehensive of seeing some of the terrific appearances blazoned by her quondam fellow-servant's eloquence, and creeping close to her auditor, laid her hand upon his arm,) such things ! but poor fellow, it would have been well for him if he could have kept a secret as well as I can, though, indeed, a secret that I could now reveal, and a most important one it is, (her countenance was solemn, and full of meaning,) I should think I might with safety confide to Mein Herr, for you're myself, I may almost say, being, as it were, so closely related. Mein Herr must know that—But Mein Herr must be weary standing—plague on that little toad Fidele, he can scarcely ever be kept out of his poor mistress's room ; he followed—Mein Herr shall soon know whom he had the honour of follow-

ing out this morning, and the vexatious animal made his way in here immediately after, all bemired as he was, and rubbed himself on the chairs, leaving them in such a pickle, that I was obliged to take them down to have them cleaned; but here's my poor master's arm-chair that Luise would have here the last time she was with us; it is a clumsy sort of an old thing, but it will serve Mein Herr for the present—hey! it's jammed fast between this press and the wall; this is that awkward old man's doings; good Lord! as I often tell him, he can do nothing like other men. The press fell yesterday, and he could not put it up without fastening the chair in this manner."

The little old woman, while she was speaking, tugged vehemently at the chair, for she was not a person who was much in the habit of giving up her point, when engaged in a contest with either an animate or inanimate adversary; she at length succeeded in disengaging it, but at the same time dragged down the press, which fall-

ing with a loud crash, the side of it was broken, and its contents, consisting of sundry packages of papers, were scattered over the floor.

Edward was about to express his regret for the accident, but the little old woman assured him, that she was happy the old lumberly thing was broken, for she had often solicited Jacob to commit it to the flames, together with its contents, "but she believed for her part," she added, "that he had no liking for any thing but what was old and ugly, like himself."

She then gathered up the papers, laid them on the toilet, and having placed the chair for her guest, and seated herself on the window-seat, she was about to disclose the secret she piqued herself so much on being able to keep faithfully ; but Edward, whose curiosity leaned rather towards count Steinberg, with respect to whom it had already sustained so severe a disappointment, begged she would first relate all she knew with respect to her master's

connexion with him, and his subsequent expatriation.

“ Well, Mein Herr,” she proceeded, “ it would have been well, as I was saying, if Nicholas had been as well able to keep a secret as me ; but that was his misfortune if he wasn’t. It’s said that it came to the ears of the count, that he had witnessed whatever it was that he had been about at that same old abbey, that is, it’s supposed that it came to his ears, for Nicholas suddenly became very thoughtful, from having been as gay as a lark ; and after some time, it was discovered that he used to have a long conversation with the count every now and then, sometimes at dusk, and sometimes by moonlight, in the wood at the back of yonder hill,” she drew the window-curtain ; “ that hill—that hill, on the very top of which, now that the moon’s risen, Mein Herr may see a gate, between two high elms, in the hedge, and a hayrick through the bars of it.

“ Well, Mein Herr, shortly afterwards Nicholas disappeared, and has never been

heard of since, and every one about here believes that it was the count's witchcraft that was the cause both of his melancholy and his disappearance, and no one dared say a word afterwards, while he remained in those parts, either about this, or what Nicholas had told of the abbey. For my own part, I scarcely know what to believe ; but I still incline to think that the count was too well-looking a man to be a conjurer ; besides, I never saw him with a high cap, or a black gown, or a white wand, in all my life, and I think if he had such things, as it was I that used to make his bed, and I was constantly in and out of his room, I must have seen them.

“ Well, however that may be, my poor master engaged in some business, what it was I could never learn, that ruined him, for in a little time he was obliged to sell all his property, and he went, with a little money that remained to him after he had paid his debts, to where, I suppose, Mein Herr met with him. Old Jacob and I had saved up as much money in his ser-

vice as enabled us to purchase this house and some land adjoining, and we set up an inn, and Heaven has prospered our endeavours; we have got on well in the world, only, indeed, the new innkeepers near Blumenstadt, who broke down the bridge, and did us a great deal more mischief, are likely to be the ruin of us; but I don't much care for that now, for we have long since lost all our own children, and Luise being gone, I have no one to hoard money for. I have enough as it is to make me comfortable in my old age, if indeed I should ever live to be old; but that's not likely; the heavy tidings I have heard to-night will cut me off, sure enough, I know it will, in the prime of my days."

The cadence, necessarily piteous, in which this was uttered, drew after it, as it were, the versatile feelings of the little old woman, and she again wept for her loss, and wrung her hands, and rocked herself on her seat; then suddenly starting up, she observed that the bed would be cold by this time, and was about to go for fresh

embers, but was stopped by Edward, who assured her that he had never accustomed himself to the indulgence she wished to provide him, and at the same time desired to know by whom the drawings were executed that ornamented the room?

“By whom! why, by Luise, to be sure; Mein Herr I’m sure can’t be ignorant that she could paint pictures. Her father had a drawing-master for many months from Italy to teach her, and she learnt that as she learnt every thing else; she was taught with surprising quickness.”

Edward never knew that she was mistress of such an accomplishment; if poor Luise had any vanity in her composition, when she became acquainted with him, it had been, with every other emotion of her soul, absorbed in love.

“But see, Mein Herr; see what a difference there is between those that she painted before she left us first, and the others she did while she was here the last time; look at these pretty, round, smiling faces, and

this sweet blue sky, and see here this shepherd-boy lying under the tree, and sleeping so comfortably, and this other that's playing on a pipe; you could almost think you heard the sound of his music; and here again, this shepherd and shepherdess, (she wiped her eyes with her apron,) they were a son of mine, and a girl that he was in love with, and that used to wait on Luise, who was very fond of her, and drew the likeness of her and her lover in this way; alack-a-day! little did I think, when the sweet puppet came running to me with the picture finished, that I should be now crying over the death of herself, and those she painted to please me; for soon after, my son was taken for a soldier, and he was killed in the wars, and the girl, who married and followed him, died also of the hardships she had to go through; see, Mein Herr, were they not as handsome a couple as you could wish to look at? observe how kindly he looks in her face while he twines that wreath of flowers round her head! that was Luise's own

thought; I wanted her to make them kissing, for I thought that would shew their love the most; but whatever was the reason, Luise blushed fire-red when I proposed it, and couldn't be prevailed on to do it, so I let her have her own way.

"But see, Mein Herr, what a difference in these she painted when she was here last! every one that sees them says that they are the best done, and indeed that may well be, for she was but a child, as one may say, when she did the others; but for my part, I don't like them; see these gloomy caverns, and these dark woods, and here's a woman crying, as if we hadn't crying enough in the world, without putting it in pictures, (she sobbed while she spoke;) and here's another, hanging so mournfully over a child that seems to be dead, while she sits all forlorn on that old stump, and seems not to mind in the least the cold snow that's spread over every thing around her, or the tempest, that seems as if it would tear up those great trees by the roots. A-well-a-day, if love,

for love I'm sure it was, if love had put such melancholy fancies into my head, I should never have had any thing to do with it. Why, when I was in love, Mein Herr, I was as merry as a grig; and I used to give myself such airs, and pretended to be so saucy (though I needn't have pretended it neither, for I was saucy enough), it would have done your heart good to see how I plagued the men. I never recollect being melancholy but twice, once when——”

Here, observing that her auditor was busily engaged examining the pictures, and did not appear anxious to learn the cause of her sadness, she went on with a subject she thought would interest him more.

“ But, as I was saying, if love can make one so melancholy, I'm sure I shall fear ever to have any thing to do with it again, whenever it shall please the Lord to take old Jacob.

“ It wasn't in poor Luise's pictures only that the change in her mind was to be seen; ah, Mein Herr, I shall never forget the difference there was between the little Luise

that was so merry in this very room on the first of her birthdays that came after she had got it fitted up ; there she was, trying to make her little companions happy, shewing them all her trinkets, and giving this to one, and that to another, and looking so pleased when she saw that they were pleased, and running about with them, and jumping and skipping, all wild with glee.

“ When I saw her again, she was in no jumping and skipping humour ; she was as good-humoured as ever, indeed, and as patient, which is very extraordinary too, for if any thing frets or vexes me, I scold every thing and every body that comes in my way ; but she never laughed as she used to do, and if she smiled, oh dear ! it was such a languid smile, it was a smile that was enough to break one’s heart.”

“ Then she never wished to be in company ; if there happened to be company in the house, she would shut herself up here, and never come out, but at meal-time, till they were gone ; or else she would rise early in the morning, before any one

else was stirring, and either wander away, as she was used to do, for the whole day, or spend it with Agnes, if the weather happened to be unfavourable; and once, when we had a ball here, to which all the gentry for a mile round came, and I entreated her to shew herself at it, and dance with a comely young cavalier, who, I believe, was in love with her, having caught a glimpse of her in one of her wild walks, and had urged me, with so many soft words, to persuade her to consent to be his partner, she looked so horror-struck at the proposal, that I was fain to say no more about it."

"Alas!" thought Edward, "thou wert made for a very, very wife—a yielding, loving, faithful wife; and I did frustrate the end of thy being; with me alone thou wert susceptible—to all others thou wert cold. Thou didst believe my vows—vows I thought no one simple enough to believe; and in the confidence of my honour, did yield up thine a prey to selfish desires. But my wife indeed thou wert—thy truth,

thy love, did make me thy husband, by bonds most holy; and in return for that truth, that love, I did give thee up to want and infamy. Oh, let me not think of it till atonement is accomplished—till, in the agonies of parting nature, I once again pronounce that name with a delight which no corporal sufferance shall be able to quell!"

"Then, Mein Herr," continued the nurse, "she used to sit here at this window of an evening, when we had no company, and play such soft and plaintive airs upon her lute, singing the while, and watching the sun going down. I don't know how it was, I never much liked to be sad, and yet, as I sat those times at my work on the bench outside the porch, when the people were all away at the harvest, and listened to poor Luise's sweet, soft, sad music, while there was nothing else to be heard but the wind, as it rustled in the leaves of the vine that's trained up the wall of the porch, or sometimes the chirp of the sparrow nestling under the eaves, I don't know how it was,

though the tears used to come in my eyes, still I was pleased ; and though I used to scold Luise at first for encouraging her melancholy, instead of interrupting, I used, at last, always carry my work out to the bench as soon as I heard the first note of the lute.

“ I remember well, one evening in particular, the day had been very hot, it was very still, not even a leaf moved—we had expected a thunder-storm, for the sky had grown dark, and the air was so close, that we could scarcely breathe, and the thunder had even muttered amidst those hills at a distance—I don’t know whether Mein Herr’s eyes are strong enough to see them by the moonlight ; there, see, they seem just like a long, light cloud over the wood ; there, you may see something white glittering on their side—that is the village of Eurtheim.

“ I have a good right to recollect that same thunder, for, far off as it was, I lost a whole brewing by it. Well, the storm went away, and the sun came out again

quite bright, just before it set, and the birds sung, and as I was standing on the lawn, watching the clouds passing, for I was in terror about my brewing, which, notwithstanding all my looking at the clouds, was spoiled after all—well, I heard, all of a sudden, a soft voice call me by my name, and I looked up, and here sat Luise.

‘Nurse,’ said she, ‘do you hear how these sweet musicians are pouring forth their evening song of thanksgiving for the passing away of the tempest?’

“Luise, Mein Herr, could use as fine language, and holy, as it were, as father Anselm himself, when she pleased, though I took notice that she never did so, except when she was much moved, or talking with the father, or some person of learning; when she spoke to the servants, or the country-people, her words were as plain to understand, like, as their own.

‘I have as good a right to pour out my song of thanksgiving as any of them,’ replied I, ‘for my brewing is saved (and

yet it was not saved after all); but you can do it better for me, so take your lute and join them.'

'I had rather,' said she, 'listen to those sweet warblers; but when they are stilled beneath their covert, (these were her very words; I have a strong memory, *Mein Herr*), I will prolong the note of praise.'

"Well, we listened, and by degrees the concert of the warblers, as she called them, grew fainter and fainter, till at last a black-bird sung by himself, and then only a faint whistle was heard every now and then; and at last all was still, and then Luise touched the lute and sung, oh, so sweet, so sad, so plaintive, sure no bird ever sung like that bird. I remember very well the hymn she sung—it was this, *Mein Herr*."

Edward started, for the cracked treble of the old lady's voice most disagreeably jarred with the tone of feeling which her prattle had begotten.

She sung on, however, much delighted with her own musical talents, till she had completed the first stanza, when, as she

paused to take breath for the second, the glass of the window seemed as if it were faintly struck by a note from some instrument without; the old woman started, then looked aghast while she listened: the sound was there again; it seemed to rise and fall with the breeze—"It must be the wind," said she; "some of the panes of that window are loose in the leads, and I have often heard them sound exactly like music."

The look betrayed a lack of confidence in her own assumption. Edward sprung to the window, and flinging open the casement, a sweet and solemn melody came full and distinct upon the ear, and the wonted accents were in it.

Delight, awe-tempered, again filled the soul of the exile; but the sensations of the nurse, who was less habituated to spiritual intercourse, were of a very different nature: shivering with terror, she grasped his arm, and looked earnestly in his face; but far from deriving comfort from the expression of devotional rapture that was discernible in it, she was infinitely shocked—

“ Good God, Mein Herr,” said she, “ how can you look so pleased, while a voice from the grave is sounding in your ears ? ”

“ It is not the first time I have heard it.”

“ Oh, then you are a dead man ! I didn’t know to whom it might betoken death ; I thought it might be old Jacob at first, and Heaven knows, that if he were to die, it would be well for him, considering his many infirmities and his ill humours ; but, for certain, if you have heard it often, it must be you that the spirit comes for. Oh dear, oh dear, such a handsome, and such a healthy, and such a young cavalier, better a thousand old Jacobs than you ! ”

“ Do not say so,” said Edward ; “ he has still some enjoyment in life—I have long ceased to have any, save when those celestial strains fill me with a brief but unutterable enjoyment. Hark ! what a swell was there ! full often have I listened to earthly melody, poured from the hand and voice of taste and science, that might calm the troubled ocean, or still the more tumultuous workings of the passion-moved

mind of man, but compared to that which now floats, now sinks, now dies over the top of yonder tall, full-foliaged oak, it was discord."

"It's gone, sure enough," said the nurse. "Well, Mein Herr, since it is so ordained, it's well you take the matter so easy; and it's well you have Luise before you, instead of having to leave her behind you to fret, and pine herself to death, as I'm sure she would. Perhaps Mein Herr would be so good as to come down stairs with me, for after what I have heard, and that was Luise's voice, or else I never heard her sing at this window once out of the many times I have heard her, I wouldn't for the world ever again be by myself after night, if it were but for a minute. Good lack, good lack! such a handsome cavalier, and so young! Well, well, there's no striving against fate, as I often say to old Jacob when he curses the gout."

Edward smiled at the decision with which the old lady marked him for the grave; and having deposited her safely by the

chair of her spouse, to whom, it is affirmed by the voice of tradition, that she lay closer that night than she had done for years before, he returned to his apartment.

END OF VOL. II.

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